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ROSAMOND;

OR

THE GHOST STORY.

" Yes! peace to that cheek, though another's it be,
And health to that form, though it lives not for me."

TALES OF TON.

ROSAMOND, OR THE GHOST STORY.

CHAPTER I.

"I AM not afraid," said the collegian, "give me a pistol, or a sword, and I will conquer this ghost."

Rosamond gave an apprehensive look towards him—"But you will, at least, have some one with you," she said timidly.

"Not a soul!"

"If you find my predictions true; if you find it is really a supernatural being," said old sir John, "be silent: when asked, say nothing—don't deny, but don't confirm it, by saying it is absolutely so."

"I promise you, dear sir, I never will breathe a syllable, if I am *convinced* it is a ghost. But I should like to see the room by daylight in which I am to sleep: my young friend Edmond here is fond of tricks, and some old chest, or some door hid in the hangings, may conceal this wonderful apparition: a man in a white sheet, a few groans, and a deep sigh, have frightened many; but woe betide the ghost *I* catch, sir John!"

"You shall see the room," exclaimed sir John, seriously; "follow me."

Silently Capell followed his uncle up the stone staircase to a large room, in the middle of which was a high crimson bed without curtains, only a kind of canopy of moreen, suspended from the upper part, several ancient chairs, an open fireplace, a cabinet, and some family pictures: these were all it contained, and Capell still persisted there was no appearance half monastical enough to frighten him.

"You *will* sleep here then?" said sir John.

"Yes, sir, I wish it. I would not on any account give the scheme up."

"You are far away from *our* part of the house, remember."

"Yes, sir."

"And the last person who slept here was a female servant, who was frightened into fits."

"Well, sir."

"And if you perish, your blood be upon your own hands."

Capell laughed, though his uncle spoke solemnly to him.

"It shall be so then," he said. "Now, uncle, do you really believe that I shall see an incorporeal being?"

"I don't know what to believe," answered sir John; "but don't let us talk any more of this; for my Rosamond is young, and when young, things make a great impression upon people: this *may* be all a bugbear; it *may*, Capell: but here she comes."

"And is my cousin still determined to sleep in this room?" said Rosamond.

"Yes: but come, *dear* Rosamond, let us have some of your new songs, and let me hear your piano or your harp."

Sir John looked a little grave at the appellation of *dear*.—"Go, child," he said, "oblige your cousin; in the meantime, I shall order this room to be aired. Edmond, your pistols—don't mind them *now*: go and play your violin with your cousin."

Evening drew on apace: still Capell kept steady to his resolution, despite of all the solicitations of his cousin Rosamond, or the ridicule of Edmond, or the solemn, grave deportment, and earnest wishes of his uncle sir John: ten—eleven passed away; supper, prayers, and all the duties of the day, terminated. Sir John, his daughter, and Edmond, retired to rest, after leaving Capell in the haunted apartment, with a large fire, some wine, a brace of pistols, and some Greek and Hebrew books. Capell sat a considerable time forming images in the clear fire, and at last, rising from his chair, he opened the doors of the old cabinet, first carefully

looking round him, and with some pleasure he saw, in half-worn-out gold letters —"The Loves of Sir Tristram and the fair Eleanora:" he reached his hand up to take it down—fatal delusion! it was of painted wood. Perceiving it was an old volume, he hoped he might yet find some romance or entertaining legend: nor was he mistaken: on taking down a musty volume, on the titlepage he saw (after having wiped away the bodies of dead flies, dead spiders, and other insects) as follows:—

"A Marvellous History of what befell the Lady Rosabelle Beaclere and her Lover;

"SHEWING HOW THEY"——

The collegian stopped; having the same dislike as ourselves to know the cream of a story, particularly by the titlepage, and cautiously closing the doors of the cabinet, he retreated to his fire, stirred it into a bright blaze, dusted the volume with his handkerchief, opened it, and prepared to read. There was a preface; but being

somewhat of an impetuous disposition, like too many readers, he turned that quickly over, and with some satisfaction saw "*Chapter I.*"—The book was torn; but, impatient to beguile his weary hours, Capell opened at a part where the black letter was legible: it began as follows:—

"Yea, the lady Rosabelle and her lover had left the banquetting-room, and were walking slowly on the high ramparts of Dontheim Castle. I wis the moon shone bright and clear that night upon them; for there never was a fairer damsel than the ladye Rosabelle, nor a richer one.

"The ladye mother looked angry at her son.—'Why does not my child play to-night? I ween she is wandering with her foster-brother. Is there so much sweetness in the moon, thinkest thou? is there not far more sweetness in a young man's tongue? Call her, I pray thee, sir Halbert.'

'No, by my sword, and by my faith, it shall ne'er be said,' exclaimed the savage sir Halbert, 'that I parted the lips of a maiden and her love.'

"The ladye mother gave a deadly frown at these words, and summoning her maiden Gabrielle, commanded her to invite the lady Rosabelle to play her lute at the banquet—'Bid her come, and dareth she to disobey,' said the ladye mother, with a low voice—'and dareth she to disobey,' repeated she, 'I have my vengeance."

At this moment Capell left off reading: a slight noise at the upper end of the apartment startled him, and, for a moment, he laid aside his book, and held up the candle to particularize what it was. Not the least shadow floated along the walls, no tapestry moved, nor no hollow groan was heard; and with some interest he reopened the volume.

"Gabrielle left the hall, and went immediately to the place where the ladye Rosabelle and her lover were. The moon was bright that night, and all was as still as death, save the stamping of Gabrielle's feet on the rank dead grass.—'I like not this message,' said she: 'what has a mother to do with vengeance? I wis, nothing.'

'Speakest thou?' said the ladye Rosabelle, in a fearful voice, as she appeared from behind a deep old bastion.

'Yea, my ladye; the hall is dull without thee: the banquetters doth request thy presence, and thy lute.'

'A moment, and I will return with thee: Gabrielle, keep record of this hour,' said the lady Rosabelle.

'What meanest thou, dear ladye?'

'Remember this is Hallowmas eve.'

'It is, ladye.'

'Well, thou wilt remember, when next Hallowmas comes, I bade thee remember this.'

'I will, ladye,' said Gabrielle; and she wandered to the further end of the rampart, to wait till Edvelle and his dearly-beloved had parted.

"The ladye mother during this time had chased away the frowns from her face, and turning to sir Halbert, her son, she bade him give his friends good cheer, and make merry.

'But where is Elfrida,' said sir Halbert, 'the fairest of thy women?'

"The ladye mother heard not, but passed away from the table, and was disappearing under the lofty pillars of the castle hall, when her son, raising his voice to the highest, said—'Ladye mother! Elfrida, where is she?'

'Ask me not now, son.'

'Yea, but I will: where is she?' demanded sir Halbert.

"The ladye mother turned pale, made a motion of silence, and disappeared.

"The lamps in the banquetting-room glared frightfully upon the knights at sir Halbert's table: he drank; they caroused, and tried to wash away thought in their golden goblets of spicy liquor. Sir Halbert too drank to Elfrida, and as he drank, he remembered the smile he had last seen on the face of his mother.

'Look to my hands,' said sir Halbert, after a long pause, in a ghastly tone.

'Well, what of them? are they not garnished plentously with rings, and

ne'er a ladye's gift among them,' said a young knight, laughingly.

'Yea, Briton, but there is: this was my father's, and——'

'Aye, thy father sir Halbert—died he not on Hallowmas eve?'

"Sir Halbert declined answering, and remained awfully silent.

"The knights looked at each other, filled their goblets, then sang the chorus to *Oijdei Hee*, which the minstrel had been playing, and went on with their carouse."

Capell looked at his watch, and found it was just twelve, drank a glass of wine, looked round him, and went on.

'Edvelle leaves us to-night,' said sir Halbert.

'And Elfrida left thee to-night,' said the same young knight who had before spoken; 'this is marvellous!'

'And thy prate is marvellous,' said sir Halbert, sternly: 'knowest thou not that Elfrida *shall* be mine?'

'Aye, not thy wife! by my faith, I can

fancy her gorgeously arrayed, and then thy ladye mother, she will be enraged.'

'Sir Halbert made no reply, but fixed his cold eye upon the armour of his father suspended against the pillar at the bottom of the hall; each knight set down his goblet, and gazed fearfully upon it.

'I can fancy him hot from the chase,' said a grey-headed knight, in a solemn tone, 'as I last saw him. Sir Halbert, you remember his voice.'

'Beardiland,' said he, 'he whose hand to-day is first in the blood of the stag, will die on Hallowmas eve. This was a legend told him by an holy fryer.'

'Blood, aye!' said sir Halbert, seizing his goblet.

'Thou canst not know the story,' said the aged knight. 'I was alone with him. You know his proud look, and his smile, 'Beardiland,' said he: he had not that armour on then; that was what he had on when he died—when he was murdered, I mean.'

'Murdered, aye, murdered!' exclaimed sir Halbert, starting up.

'In the banquetting-room — three wounds from his——'

'Murderer!' gasped sir Halbert.

'Yea, this night twelve years, sir Halbert, you were but young, and tried to save him; but that Castillian——'

'Aye, that Castillian!' groaned sir Halbert.

'Let us drink hell to the murderer!'

'Aye, hell to the murderer!' said all the knights, and they drank it, sir Halbert alone refusing his goblet.

"There was a silence dreary and awful spread through the banquetting-room, insomuch that sir Halbert called for the presence of the damsels to charm him, and his knights with their lutes, and their sweet voices.

"The ladye mother and her train of maidens appeared, but not Elfrida, the beloved of sir Halbert's heart: he would have spoken, but the cold, stern, fixed look of his mother prevented him; he dreaded—

he feared that look; he remembered well on Hallowmas eve——"

Here the book was so illegible, the collegian, with some disappointment, swept away the dust and the dirt which obscured it, in vain; for several pages were totally obliterated, through damp and time: he snuffed his candles, threw some fuel on his fire, and took up the story at these words:

"The ladye Rosabelle next took the lute, and passing her fingers athwart it, after the manner of ancient minstrels, gave one look at her mother, and began—

'Hallowmas Eve, or the Red Cross Knight.

'The Red Cross Knight wound down in the dell,
And little he recked of the convent bell;
For he was bound with *targett* and brand,
Come from the blessede Holye Lande.

'The night was dark, and the way was colde;
The Red Cross Knight was young and bolde;
Yet felt he chilled somewhat with feare,
To think that Hallowmas eve was neare!

'That even the sternest heart may quake,
And the innocent babe in frights will wake:
For the devil he rides so foul and so faste,

— — — — — —

The volume again was unintelligible; but Capell was glad to perceive some few more stanzas of the ballad, as follows, were extant:

"What wantest thou?" said the friar old,
"The air is keen and the night is cold;
And thou art bound in armour bright,
As if thou wert a Red Cross Knight.

"If house and lodging be thy need,
Quit these walls, and that with speed:
Our bell is ringing deep and slow,
For ours is a house of wo."

'Then the Red Cross Knight he turned aside,
For his was a heart of mighty pride;
And blushes all red passed over his cheek,
To hear the friar so sternly speak.

"Thy cheer is as bad as thy welcome, I trow:
Though storms may come, and rivers may flow,
I'll not put my horse within thy stalls,
Nor enter myself in thy holye walls."

'The friar the wicket quickly closed,
And soon within his cell reposed;
But the Red Cross Knight, without moon or star,
Was riding away to his mistress afar.

'There's a stream that flows near the convent wall,
Where murmuring streams all gently fall;
And there was found, in armour bright,
The corse of the wandering Red Cross Knight.'

There had evidently been more written of the song or ballad; but Capell, too impatient to decipher it then, turned over the leaf, rapidly pursuing the legendary tale.

"Due mede being given to the ladye Rosabelle for her lay, the lute was given into the hands of the ladye mother's page, famous for his sweet voice; and turning towards his young mistress, he struck a few chords, and began, in an arch tone, these words:

'Tis vain for these hands to strike of love,
When it blooms in yonder damsel's eye:
'Tis vain for these lips to speak of love,
When it breathes in yonder maiden's sigh.

'The sigh may be checked, the eye may be closed,
But love will lordly reign in the breast:
Yes, dreams of hope may all be wrecked,
Yet love despoils the maiden's rest.

'It is not then, in these high halls,
Nor in these proud and lofty towers,
That love the maiden's heart enthrals,
Nor forms his high, yet lovely bowers!

'But———'

'Thou hast sung enough,' said the ladye mother, in a cold tone: 'Gawaine, give the lute to sir Walter Eberdeen; his voice we have not heard to-night.'

"That young knight all the evening had worn his vizor down, and with a bow he passed the lute to a ladye near him, and declined singing: it is true, he had gazed deeply and intently on the ladye Rosabelle, whilst she played, and seemed to drink in the words of her song, as if he loved harmony: but to all other voices he had been coldly indifferent, and rendered them no praise.

"Sir Halbert called on Winifred Constance to give him a lay, and she obeyed; ever trembling beneath his stern eye and dread commands, her voice was so unsteady, she passed the lute into the hands

of a young knight, right glad to be excused.

"The young knight, with a laughing eye, glanced at Winifred; and laying aside the lute, he trusted to his own voice; and taking a draught from his goblet, he bent gracefully towards the ladye mother, and began.

Song.

'There was a high and gay festival,
And Christabelle she led the ball;
For she was fairest of them all,
And she was dressed in sorrowful pall,
All for a knight of low degree.

'But the lord, her father, had chose a knight,
Whose lands were wide, and his sword was bright,
For he had never spilled blood in a fight,
But was a poor craven, cowardly wight.
Oh, this knight of high degree!

'Christabelle's bridal day grew near,
And she looked on with a deadly fear—
Into her eye there sprung a tear,
All for this knight of low degree.

'But the eve before the bridal night,
The moon she cast a sickly light,
And things were seen of dread and might;
Shadows all pale, and shadows all white.
Oh for this man of low degree

'Midnight came, and down the stair
Went ladye Christabelle so fair,
And passed by the bloodhounds slumbering there,
All for a knight of low degree.

'By the side of proud Brunalden's wood
Two coal-black steeds with saddles stood,
And bridles of costly silver good.
Oh, this knight of low degree!

'The leaves they rustled all around;
The death-worm crawled upon the ground,
And all about was a hideous sound!
Oh, this knight of low degree!

"Come, Gawaine, come; night flies apace;
Spur, spur the steeds; I fear the chase:
God Almighty give us grace!"
Oh, this knight of low degree!

"Thy father's best blood-steeds are here;
Mount on this fiery one, my dear;
He'll carry you safe, and away from fear!"
Oh, this knight of low degree!

'They travelled quick, they travelled fast,
And hastily o'er the drawbridge past,
And reached a darksome wood at last.
Oh, this knight of low degree!

'The clouds from the fair moon passed away,
And all was as clear and light as day;
And still as death, save the blood-dogs bay.
Oh, this knight of low degree!

'The forest they pass'd; the dawn of light
Kept mellowing on to the morning bright;
Then stopped the ladye, and then the knight.
Oh, sir Gawaine of low degree!

"What means," said the ladye, "that blood on thy palm?
Jesu Maria! shield me from harm!"
She trembled a while, and then she was calm.
Oh, this knight of low degree!

"That blood on my hand," said the knight all bold,
"Came straight from the heart of one who is cold:
Stiffened he lies in Bonny Ethwold!"
Oh, this knight of low degree!

"Here sir Halbert quaffed off his goblet.

"Was it my father, or was it my brother;
Or was it he they call my lover?
If blood of theirs bedew thy fierce knee,
God in his mercy keep me from thee!"

'The knight then threw his vizor aside:
"In blood I embrace my destined bride:
One kiss to thy lips, ere in death we part,
And then my sword shall pierce thy false heart!"

"'Tis not sir Gawaine!"—his haught rival stands,
With uplifted dagger, and blood-reeking hands;
And quick to the breast of the ladye it rushed,
And down her pall garment the life-blood it gushed!

'The ladye she cast her eyes up to the sky,
Where the sickly moon was beginning to die;
Pressed her hand to her bosom, and gave a long sigh.
Oh, this knight of low degree!

"There's blood on my hand, and blood on my knee—
That blood, fair ladye, was all shed for thee:
'Twas sir Gawaine who fell in the conflict with me.
Oh, this knight of low degree!

"If thou couldst not love me (and such thou hast said),
The blood of my rival I ween should be shed."
The knight gazed around him—the ladye was dead!
Oh, this knight of high degree!

'By Ethewold's castle there lay a young knight;
By Macfaldeen's forest a ladye so bright.
Their spirits are gone to God's heaven of light!'

"The young knight ceased, and casting his eyes on Winifred, he passed the lute, which had lain useless on the table, to her. She was going to obey his wishes, when the trampling of horses was heard, and the carouse was interrupted by the warder's horn. The ladye mother, with a darkened countenance, passed from the banquetting-room, the ladye Rosabelle following meekly in her train."

At these words the collegian, whose faculties began to grow confused, closed the volume, and retired to his bed; carefully fastening the door of the room, and placing

his pistols so as at the least noise he could snatch them up, and exterminate the intruders.

CHAPTER II.

—High right is ours,
To charm dull sleep from slumbering bowers.
SCOTT.

THE urn was on the table, but Capell had not yet made his appearance. Rosamond, with that feeling which often predominates in a female heart, had not spoken of the object on which her thoughts had been employed. But Edmond, who had not thought *less* on Capell, *though far differently to his sister*, had attempted to enter the haunted apartment, but the barred door effectually precluded the success of his wishes.

"Capell! Capell! cousin!" he called. "Breakfast is waiting: wake!"

"Hang you!" said the collegian, good-temperedly, yet in a drowsy tone, "I was just going to dance a fandango with lady Rosabelle, and you have spoiled all now."

"Well then you are not carried away by the ghost?"

"No."

"We are waiting breakfast: come as soon as you can; we want to hear how you have passed the night," said Edmond, and he walked away.

"This room," thought Capell to himself, "looks romantic enough—my fire extinguished, my candles burnt down to their sockets, and a volume of huge size and black colour laying on an old-fashioned table, and a brace of pistols, with a sword, in perfect readiness for annihilation."

But, leaving Capell to dress, we return to the breakfast-room, where sir John, his daughter and son, were.

"Well, I am glad Capell is safe," said Rosamond.

"Safe! yes; and he was dreaming of some lady—Rosabelle, or something," said Edmond, "when I knocked at his door."

Rosamond blushed—not with jealousy, reader.

"Capell would have been handsome, if he had not such strange eyes," said Edmond.

"Strange eyes, Edmond!" said Rosamond.

"Yes, stern, proud-looking ey—"

"Psha!" exclaimed sir John, "what signifies a man's eyes?"

"Ah! what indeed?" thought Rosamond; but she spoke not, and was too much occupied in pouring out the coffee, to hear what her father said afterwards.

"I wish Capell had been brought up to any thing but the church," said sir John: "I cannot do any thing for him in *that* way."

A disappointed look stole over Rosamond's countenance.

"It is a pity," said Edmond; "but I

have an idea, *considering all things*, Capell will get on: connexions, interest, and ability——

"Considering all things—connexions! What does Edmond mean?" thought Rosamond.

"The army now—I *have* interest in that," said sir John; "but the church—nothing would do but the cloth; and so he must take the consequences, and get on *if* he can." Sir John glanced his eyes at Edmond. "I have an idea somehow that Capell is in love—foolish boy!"

Rosamond had no *occasion* to colour; but she did, from her forehead to her finger-ends.

"I know nothing about it. No, *I* don't think so, father, really."

"I have *my* opinion on that."

Edmond was silent for a moment.—"You allude to that letter which came yesterday," he said.

"Not altogether: I go from other symptoms."

Rosamond's blood all gushed to her

heart.—"How ridiculous I am!" she thought internally; "he is but my cousin; why do I feel all this?"

This idea throbbed in her bosom, when Capell entered.

Sir John had now to hear the history of what the reader is already acquainted with: the black-letter romance; Capell's composed evening in the haunted room; how he sat till break of day; how his candles burnt into their sockets; how he went to bed; how he dreamed of the heroine of the romance, fought with her brother, escaped from a dungeon, and was just going to dance with the "ladye Rosabelle," when his cousin awoke him.

"So far, so well."

"So far, so good," cried sir John; "and now eat some breakfast. Rosamond, child, help your cousin to some tea or coffee."

Rosamond turned her eyes to Capell; without speaking, the appeal answered, though silent.

"Coffee, if you please, cousin," said Capell.

"*Cousin!* what emphasis he lays on that word," thought Rosamond: "how I wish we were not *cousins!*"

"Do you keep birds, as usual?" inquired Capell of Rosamond, "and botanize, and draw, as you used to do, cousin?"

"Cousin again!"—"Oh, yes, Capell."

"And do you get on with miniature painting?"

"Not very well."

"I must see some after breakfast."

Rosamond smiled, and was happy at the moment. Sir John looked serious: he scarce knew why. Rosamond and Capell *were but cousins after all.*

"After breakfast *I* want you, Capell, and you, Edmond. I am going to ride out," he said, in a glorious cold, yet commanding tone.

"Well then, in the afternoon, cousin, your miniatures."

"Yes, yes! in the afternoon you shall see them."

The door opened, and the housekeeper presented herself: she wanted a few words

with Miss Rosamond; but Rosamond was deep in conversation with her cousin, on camel's hair brushes, and tints, and first washes, and *vermeille* shading.

"Yes! I will come immediately, Mrs. Harte.—And you say I should wash my outlines *in*? I will mind the next miniature, Capell. Don't you remember the row of noses and mouths you first set me?"

"Mrs. Harte *waits*, Rosamond," said sir John.

"Yes, dear father, in a moment.—And my first landscape was done under your instruction; and so you say, I should mix royal blue and carmine?"

"Mrs. Harte, shut the door: I find my legs will be blown off," said sir John.

Rosamond *dared* procrastinate no longer, and left the room.

Capell, Edmond, and sir John, went out for a ride, and returned to dinner; during which time, another letter came to Capell, in a feminine hand, and a large coat of arms on the seal. Rosamond blushed as

she looked at it, and after dinner declined bringing her miniatures down to her cousin: true it is, he never asked to see them; for when an opportunity occurred of her shewing them, she said—"Capell, you wished to see my drawings? I fancy, if I have not left it up stairs, I have something which will gratify you more; far more than *my* drawings."

She produced the letter.

Capell changed colour, took it, and without opening it, put it in his pocket, but spoke not a word; except—"I expected this: thank you."

Rosamond soon after left the room, and strolled among her flowers, and then into her garden-house, where her plants were disposed: a boy was there cleaning it out, and tying up some branches of a small vine.

"Do you know who gathered my best Austrian rose," said Rosamond, "or do you know what is become of it?"

"Mr. Capell, Miss, gathered it this morning."

Rosamond felt angry.—"My *best* rose!" she said to herself; "surely some *other* would have done as well: he has spoiled it by this time."

The boy smiled, and Rosamond went to the door, beside which stood a Turkish myrtle.

"Who brought this myrtle, James?"

"Mr. Capell, Miss;" and all her anger died away in an instant.

When she went in, the first person she met was her cousin.

"Oh, Capell! I am very much obliged to you for the beautiful myrtle."

"And I," said Capell, "shall be very much obliged to you, if you will take a walk with me. Edmond is gone to the meadows, and sir John to his steward, and I am come to you, to——but come, don't take your scarf off, nor your bonnet."

"I cannot walk, Capell; the park is wet."

"But the road, cousin——"

"Is dirty," said Rosamond, intending to be cool.

"And my cousin is unkind!"

Rosamond gave him her hand, and off they went.

Are you prepared, reader, for a declaration of love? Rosamond *was*, despite of the letters, &c. which Capell had received: this then was their conversation as they passed under the avenue of oaks:—

"There, Capell, I told you it was wet," said Rosamond; "my shoes are wet through."

"So are mine; but let us walk a little further."

"Oh, no! my father will want his tea, and he will be angry."

Capell took out his watch; in doing which, Rosamond, for the first time, saw a plain *engaged* ring attached to it.

"It is only half-past four."

"Well, we shall be half-an-hour in returning."

"Rosamond, you are acting *out* of your character," said Capell, in a cold tone: "you are much changed since we met last."

"You are changed," replied Rosamond.

"I!"

"Yes."

"How? inform me."

Rosamond could not, without going further than she intended in a delineation of her sentiments.—"In numberless instances: your letters, for instance, cold and heartless; your manners less frank; and altogether you seem less happy than you used to be," she said, after a pause.

"*Very* likely—*very* possible all this: true enough, indeed!" was all Capell's reply; but he attempted no extenuation whatever, and Rosamond remained silent.

"I am promised a living," said Capell, "at Ingoldsby."

"Indeed! within four miles of us: how very comfortable!"

"Very," said Capell, whilst *he* looked any thing *but* comfortable.

"And the parsonage is remarkably pretty," said Rosamond; "has pretty vi-

rambles all round, and a drive, and such exquisite shrubs."

"Yes; all these are to be mine."

The tea bell rang at Houghton Hall, and Rosamond began to hasten homewards.—"Good Heavens! what will my father say?"

"Say! he can say nothing to *you*."

"Oh, yes! he is very particular: now this is all your fault, Capell, my being too late," said Rosamond, as she ran along the park.

"It is: it is the last time you shall ever incur the displeasure of your father for *my* sake, Rosamond."

Rosamond felt pained by these words, but more so by her cousin's manner: it seemed to her to be a sort of inference, from which she might draw a variety of conclusions: love *was* of the number, and neglected love too!

Sir John was not pleased: he blamed her for venturing out on so damp an evening, keeping tea waiting, catching cold,

and running away into the oak avenue, of all places in the world the closest; consequently the most wet, and likely to make her ill.—"Girls would be girls for ever," he thought.

CHAPTER III.

Our collegian has heard his cousin's harp, and her voice, and again is seated in the haunted chamber, with his tall candles, his blazing fire, his pistols, and his book of black letter: the doors are barred, the candles snuffed, his feet on the fender, and the romance on his knees: we peep over his shoulder, and perceive as follows:

"The ladye mother's countenance changed, when she heard who the stranger and his suite were.—'Sir Glevene of Baston,' she said, 'I greet with joy, heretofore knowing of his good worth and

his prowess; and thou, child, admit him as becomes thee. Rosabelle! damsel, dost thou not hear me?'

'Yea, mother;' and ladye Rosabelle turned aside, and gave a long sigh.

'I will attend to thee, and obey thee for the sake of him who now moulders in the dust—that brave and murdered knight, my father.'

"The ladye mother hid her ghastly face, by pulling down the sable veil which she wore ever since the death of her lord, though years had gone by: that same sable veil had been a part of her drapery, and now lord Glevene of Baston was coming, she deemed it but right to cover her face with it.

'Mother, I ween you know this is Hallowmas eve?'

"The ladye mother bent her head, but spoke not; and Glevene entered.

"Rosabelle's wan face became crimson, as she rose to greet him.

'Excuse,' he said, as he uncovered his head, 'this unseemly visit: that damsel

yonder best can account for this intrusion. Ladye of Dontheim, this is my last suit, ere I go to the Holy Land: the hand of thy daughter, will it be mine? now or never!'

"He at once turned his eye of flame on the mother and the daughter; and going up to the ladye Rosabelle, he was bending his knee: she stopped him.—'I ween, fair damsel,' he said, 'thou wilt decide: there is a will thou hast—either be mine or not: thou shalt not be forced: answer me, in mercy, if thou canst.'

"The ladye mother, with a glance at her child both dark and terrible, attempted to speak, but the knight interrupted her.

'*Thou* hast power in all, save this. Ladye Rosabelle, wilt thou have me? plight me thy troth, if thou wilt; if not, wave but thy hand, and I am gone.'

"Ladye Rosabelle neither waved her hand nor spoke.

'She consents,' said the ladye mother.

'Not so,' said the knight: 'not so;' and his dark eyes never moved from her

pale and wan countenance.—'Ladye Rosabelle hath not yet answered me.'

'To-morrow,' said ladye Rosabelle: 'to-morrow thou shalt have my reply: to-night is the night of Hallowmas, and I *cannot*.'

"The ladye mother was deadly white.—'Yea, daughter,' she said, 'thou sayest right: sir Glevene of Baston, my child will answer thee to-morrow: till then sojourn under my roof. Sir Halbert awaits thee at the banquet, and will greet thee, though with few words, yet I wis no lack of hospitality.'

"The knight bowed, and placed the dark helm on his head, which, save in the presence of royalty or love, he seldom uncovered.

'I go to the banquet,' he said: 'ladye, thou to thy pillow, if thou canst; remember me there: a heart more true thou canst never have, but that heart must have a free one in return. Ladye, farewell.'

"Ladye Rosabelle bowed in weeping silence, and sought her own apartment.

"It was not the length of the high stone staircase which made ladye Rosabelle gasp for breath, as she opened the windows of the tower for air; she looked out—all was still, save the banquetters revelry, which she heard from a distant part of the castle—so still, that her ladye mother's footsteps were distinctly perceived proceeding along the aisle of the second gallery."

Here the moths and bookworms had rendered the book wholly unintelligible, insomuch that our collegian, with some chagrin, determined to give up deciphering it at all; but the following words attracted his attention:—

"Ladye Rosabelle and her lover we opine had met.

'Fair ladye,' he said, 'and hast thou determined for my weal or wo?'

'Sir Glevene,' said the damsel, 'as thou art bound to the Holy Land, as thou

hast told me thy heart will be true, I consent to be thine.'

"Sir Glevene made no motion of joy, but fixed his eyes on those of the ladye Rosabelle, with a deep-divining sternness.

'Has no one been with thee, ladye? has no one awed thee? has no one told thee of my wealth? answer all this.'

'I do answer it, sir knight, truly, as becometh a Christian damsel—my mother.'

'And thy own heart consented not?' exclaimed Glevene, mournfully.

"The ladye Rosabelle spoke not, but her cheek was lifeless and wan.

'Ladye, thou art silent: that silence tells me what I have long struggled to disbelieve; but thy ladye mother shall forgive thee ere we two part.'

"The ladye Rosabelle's tears flowed fast.

* * * * * * *

"It was the second evening of the banquet, and sir Glevene of Baston was still at Dontheim Castle.

"The ladye of Dontheim sat proudly

aloft, above her damsels; the fair Rosabelle by her, still wan and so pale, the corse itself was not more wan or more pale than she. The lute, as was usual, was passed from fair Winifred to sir Glevene, and then sir Halbert, who, throwing aside the gloom which the preceding evening had hovered over him, with a high muscular and deep voice, sung the following:—

Song.

'My battle-axe aside I throwe;
My armoure hangs in my halle, O!
My huntinge trumpett now I blowe,
And range through forestes talle, O!

'Nunnes and monkes in cells
May sing their psalms and hymns, O!
May chime their little belles,
For thinkinge of their sinnes, O!"

There was a long break in the volume, and Capell, with avidity, perused the concluding lines:—

'But I, a knighte of craven plume,
May lead a joyous life, O!
Nor think on fore or after doome,
But hunte, and fighte, and eife,* O!

* In falconry, a term.

"Sir Glevene next sung: his vizor was down, and he turned to ladye Rosabelle as he did so, first quaffing off a goblet of spiced wine, and then, with some inflexion of voice, he began—

'Gramercy, good father! a tear on *thine* eye,
As thou travel thy way to fair Palestine:
Gramercy, good father! and darest thou sigh,
When going the hallowed way divine?

'Oh! smile on the land, which before thee spread:
Penance thou needst not, nor shrive for thy sin:
Smile on the land of the crucified dead,
And smile on the fair heart thou hast within!

"How should I smile on the bright land before me,
When all that is lovely I leave far away?
How should I smile, when these vows have tore me,
From one that I love, for ever to stray?

"Think you my beads and my penance has worn me,
Nor watching, nor midnight, nor fasting, nor prayer:
If such be thy thought, oh! then never mourn me:
Mine is not the sorrow nor wailing of care.

"Mine is the wanness of hopes too long cherished;
Mine is the sadness that fair land can't heal;
Mine is the woe of happiness perished,
A bosom that bleeds, and ever must feel!"

"Stranger, thou laughest; then think of the warning
I gave thee, when parting to fair Palestine:
I wish thee the joys I had in life's morning;
That pleasure, that weal then, for *ever be thine!*

" But if a blight by chance should come o'er thee,
Think of thy scorn and laughter on me;
Think that the pilgrim who now stands before thee,
Prayed God in his mercy to keep far from thee!"

" The stranger he turned his wild steed from the way,
While still round his curved lips the smile it did play:
The pilgrim he slowly, with rapture divine,
Turned his weary steps to fair Palestine.'

" The banquet ended not till a late hour: long the revelry lasted, and sir Halbert kept his guests till the dawn began to break.

" The ladye Rosabelle had retired to her tower at midnight, and her ladye mother to her bedchamber.

" For a moment the ladye Rosabelle had paused on the stair, and gave one parting look: Sir Glevene he rose from the table, and went towards her.

' Thou art fixed,' he said, in a low tone, as he took her hand in his: ' Ladye Rosabelle, answer me.'

' So fixed,' she replied, ' no power can move me.'

' No earthly power *shall*, ladye: since

thy heart cannot be mine, it doubtless is bound by some higher one: is it not so?'

'Sir knight, we part to-night for ever! why should I give thee more pain? I cannot love thee. But askest thou me whether I love another?'

'Answer me,' said the knight, firmly: 'ladye, answer me!'

'I do then,' said Rosabelle, colouring with a red blush.

"The knight looked back into the banquetting-room.

'No, he sits not there,' said Rosabelle, understanding him.

'Ladye,' and the knight let fall her hand, 'thou hast answered me: weal attend thee for ever! fare thee well!'

"The carouse went on merrily, as I said before: the morning dawned on the battlements of Dontheim Castle.

'Bring my best black steed for the chase,' said sir Halbert, as he staggered to the portal.

'Thy best black steed is gone,' said his page, in a low tone, 'and a precious

freight he has borne: the ladye Rosabelle is fled!'

"Sir Glevene turned pale, and each of the knights rose from their goblets, and—"

Here was a long break in the tale, insomuch that Capell took two glasses of Madeira to soothe his chagrin, and then read the legend again at these words:—

'Edvelle! fast—faster still!' shrieked the ladye Rosabelle, and the black steed flew: 'they are but a little behind us: Oh, Christ! there is a river deep and wide before us!'

'Fear not, beloved damsel!' said sir Edvelle, holding her in his arms, as he spurred the courser along: 'fear not; yonder stream once forded, we are safe.'

"A horn, deep and dismal, sounded nearer and nearer to them: it was sir Halbert's, and well was it known to the ladye Rosabelle: she gave one hasty look behind her—horsemen, knights, squires, and pages, were fast by—'Ride! fly! we are lost—we are lost!' she shrieked.

"The generous steed gained the river's

already was he nearly through: panting, he struggled, foamed, and swam, till he could swim no more, and then he sunk.

"Sir Edvelle and the ladye Rosabelle were a moment beneath the deep tide, and then he appeared with the damsel in his arms, released from the dead charger.

'Leave me, Edvelle, leave me! I dare not brave the ladye mother's rage,' exclaimed the ladye Rosabelle, as he bore her along the river.

'Thou shalt never have to brave it; if I could reach that bank, we are safe.' The heart of sir Edvelle was strong, but his armour bore him down: the sun gleamed on him the first rays; they were the last! sir Edvelle sinks! in vain he pants, in vain he struggles: the waves close over him, and his precious burthen.

'Jesu be praised, we are safe! but where are they who pursued?' said the ladye Rosabelle. 'This is Edvelle's hand.'

"She raised herself from the knight's arms, and drew away the hair from her eyes.

"'It is not Edvelle,' he said, mournfully. 'Ladye, it is not Edvelle—it is sir Glevene who holds thee: fast by is thy brother, and thy ladye mother: the knight who was with thee died in the river.'

"Stern on her palfrey, even as sir Glevene had said, the ladye of Dontheim appeared.

"'Was it for this thou left the banquet?' she said, 'and took thy brother's best blood steed? Base!'

"Sir Glevene stepped forward—'The ladye Rosabelle swoons: render her assistance: ladye of Dontheim, be kind to her, for her sake and mine.'

"The ladye mother curbed her rage, and turned to her unhappy child: sir Halbert and the knights stood around, sir Glevene holding the hand of the damsel within his own: a silence was all around; even the ladye mother seemed sorry and woe-struck.

"'This is a fatal day,' said a squire, 'for us all: it was on this——'

"The ladye mother gave him a look of

sternness.—'Speak not!' she said, 'if thou wouldst not disturb those who would willingly be at rest: the ladye Rosabelle sleeps.'

"To the castle of Dontheim they bore her on her own white palfrey: there was no more banquetting, no more carousing. Sir Glevene staid to hear whether she died or lived; the result will be shewn in our next chapter."

Capell thought he heard a noise: it was the dead hour of the night; and with some dismay he thought he heard a deep groan.

"Who is there? speak!' said the collegian, but an awful silence was the reply.

"Edmond, if it is you, say so."

Silence again, save the echoes of his own voice.

"It must have been imagination," exclaimed Capell to himself: "Psha! what idle nonsense I give way to!" The deep silence which reigned around seemed to reassure him, and he took up the volume of black letter.

Another groan, long and hollow, startled him.

"What means this? I will know;" and he rose hastily from his chair, but nothing could he see: a wall, thick and impenetrable, was near the place from whence the noise proceeded.

"Speak!" he called loudly: still no answer. "Edmond, is it you? I am sure it is."

Another mournful sigh followed the dreary silence.

Satisfied it was a scheme of Edmond's to terrify him, he returned to the fireplace, took up the volume, and proceeded thus:—

CHAPTER IV.

"Night gleams around with her sable pall:
No joy lights forth from yonder halle:
I wis there is wo and sorrow sente,
To rend that arched battlemente.

"I heard a damsel's pitying screame,
As I awaked from my dreame:
She was young and fairre,
And her silken hairre,
All bloody, behind her shoulders flew.

CASTILLE.

'YESTERNIGHT,' said the ladye mother, 'she died.'

"Sir Glevene and sir. Halbert both started.

'The body is straitened: in the eastern tower she lies: follow me, if thou wouldst see the ladye Rosabelle.' As the ladye mother spoke, she took from the stand a silver lamp, and drawing her veil

over her wan and ghastly face, led the way through the banquetting-room to the great staircase, moving slowly and heavily.

'I will not go with thee,' exclaimed sir Halbert—'in that same room——'

'Yea,' interrupted the ladye mother, 'in that same room thy father laid twenty years ago.'

"Sir Halbert strided back, and the hollow clank of his armour rung along the banquetting-room.

"Sir Glevene spoke not, neither did the ladye mother: slowly they went along, and reached the eastern tower, and opened the door where the ladye Rosabelle lay.

"Oh, Christ! hadst thou been there to see!
The shrieke of the ladye, piteouslye,
Did ringe alonge the paved hall."

"Even so did the ladye mother wail: sir Glevene shed no tear, but gazed on the ladye Rosabelle, with a firm, deep, yet fond look.

'She looks not like the dead,' he said.

"The ladye mother took the cold clay hand of her child, and gave it into that of the knight, and he pressed it, as erst in former times.

"But the fair Rosabelle knew not—felt not—lived not; he might press that hand and those lips—gone was all power of resistance: all hate, all love, was alike.

"Sir Glevene turned away, and as he did so, he dragged unwittingly the black pall from the corse: the ladye mother hastened forward, and drew it over the body, as if fearful aught might be seen."

Again the volume was illegible: the story recommenced at these words:—

"Sir Glevene was gone to the Holy Land: sir Halbert followed him; deeds foul, terrible and sad, weighed on his mind. The ladye mother remained at Dontheim Castle, in state and power. I wis, reader, thou wilt enquire after sir Halbert's love, Elfrida: she died on the morn of his nuptials with her, not without fearful suspicion of an unnatural hand doing the act. It was not so: the ladye

mother had lured her to a convent, when she was missing, as may be remembered in the first part of our book, to get her from her son. But further she knew not of her, neither did she give her the potion which caused her to die: a squire who loved her to madness administered the poison: he was since dead, and at the hour of need had been shrived; and to the holy father who confessed him, had confided the dreadful knowledge of the deed. After this, sir Halbert set out for the Holy Land, to expiate his own crimes, leaving, as I before said, the ladye mother alone at the castle.

"The ladye mother was taken ill, and lay at the point of death: she sent for a holye father from a neighbouring monastery, to hear her shrift: all attendants withdrew when the man of God arrived.

'Father! holye father! can murder be forgiven?' said the ladye mother.

'Murder, ladye!' starting.

'Yea, father, and adultery! hear me.'

"The friar knelt: the ladye mother

raised herself up in the bed, and, fixing her eyes upon him, began to confess.

'Father! twenty years ago thou may'st remember Gunzalo, the Castilian.'

"The friar bowed meekly, signifying he did.

'He was an inmate in the castle of Dontheim: my husband, sir Hildebrand, loved him dear as life. I loved him: nay, start not, holy man! much have I to say; much hast thou to hear: we loved each other. Sir Halbert was then young; but seventeen; Rosabelle just born. Father, father! much have I to expiate!'

'God is merciful!' said the friar, after a pause.

'Yea, but listen: sir Hildebrand knew not of our love: one evening, the eve before Hallowmas, twenty years ago, Gunzalo entered my apartment. Father! we had been guilty together: well do I remember Gunzalo's words:—"To-morrow I go to Castille; why cannot I go as thy husband? but one little deed, and thou art mine." Father, I *did* shud-

der, I did feel agony; but Gunzalo prevailed over me. Father, he was young and beautiful: I too was young, for thou knowest sir Halbert was not my son. On Hallowmas day there was a chace in Leagerring Mure: Gunzalo joined in it: they went to the banquetting-room together. Father, the blood yet stains the floor! the crime, my heart! they went, I told thee, as friends: the knights were gone to rest, all but sir Halbert, sir Hildebrand, and Gunzalo.'

"The friar ceased prayer, and kept his eyes fixed on the ladye mother.

'Gunzalo stabbed sir Hildebrand, and Halbert repeated the blow: I heard all that passed; I was in the chancel chamber. Sir Hildebrand groaned twice, and then expired: so horrid was the sight, both left the body spouting blood on the floor, and rushed to my apartment.—"Ladye," said Gunzalo, "this have I done for love of thee: night wears away; remember thou art bound by a fearful oath to be mine—an oath thou darest not

break." The murderer left me, and lost his life on the voyage to Spain, only three weeks afterwards. Sir Halbert stood by me, his face pale, and his hands bloody!"

A groan, long and deep, struck on the ear of the collegian: he started; all was silent as the grave! it was nearly one in the morning; but so intent was he on his book of black letter, he snuffed his candles, and went on:—

'Sir Hildebrand *was not my father!*' he said, as if to extenuate the deed he had been assisting in: 'Keep thou my secret, and I will keep thine: thou knewest of Gunzalo's wishes: thou knewest he meant to murder sir Hildebrand: thou promised him thy hand: that shall never be! this day I became acquainted with my birth, through Gunzalo. Sir Hildebrand had told him of my origin: sir Hildebrand's secret must die with him: promise me thou wilt never divulge it.' Father, I promised: the murder was laid to Gunzalo, whose flight gave a colour of truth to the report, and Dontheim Castle once

more became the seat of revelry. But, father, there is yet another crime, foul as this, I have to tell thee of.' The ladye paused; and the holye father perceived she was exhausted; summoning a domestic, he ordered a cordial, or something of a healing nature, to be given her.

"A phial was brought, and Genevieve poured some drops down her ladye's throat: she revived a little.—'Genevieve, where didst thou get this drink?' she said, in an expiring tone.

'Ladye, from the closet in thy antichamber, on the second shelf: it is what thou gave to strengthen ladye Rosabelle when she was dying.'

"The ladye mother gave a piercing shriek.

'Father! she has——' the eyes of the ladye mother closed, never to open more.

"The father sprinkled the bed of death with holy water, prayed fervently over the corse for some minutes, and then left the body to be straitened, Genevieve watching by it!"

The collegian closed the volume, and retired to bed, and slept soundly till the following morning, when he presented himself at the breakfast-table of sir John.

"You amused yourself last night, I hope," said he to Edmond.

"Amused myself!" said Edmond.

"Oh! so you pretend ignorance? those were very *monastic* groans you gave; but I was not frightened."

Sir John laid down his half-eaten piece of tongue, with—"To be sure, Ned, you were not so ridiculous?"

"I really don't know what Capell means: 'pon my soul, he is a paradox altogether."

"Why, have you no recollection of uttering deep sighs, and sundry groans, near the haunted chamber last night, or about one this morning?"

"None, Capell, on my honour!"

"Strange!" said Capell; "it was some of the servants then: certain it is, I heard some terrible sounds; at least they were meant to be terrible, at the hour I men-

tion; and equally certain it is they came from a human creature."

"Not at all likely," exclaimed sir John; "every body is afraid of that part of the house; besides, the part you mention is not accessible to any one: the eastern side of the room, you know, Edmond, has been bricked up a long time."

Sir John had a marvellous serious face: Rosamond looked concerned, Capell astonished, Edmond surprised and delighted, to think some one should be frightened as well as himself.

"If not better engaged," said Edmond, "Rosamond wishes you to go with her to Mr. Guerdon's, Capell: I cannot."

"I have a letter to write; then I am at my cousin's service."

"Letters to write!" thought Rosamond, colouring; for human nature is but human nature after all.

"Nephew," said sir John, "are you going to be married?"

Capell forced a laugh.—"Why, sir, do you suppose such a thing?"

"Because, Capell, if you are not—— but I forbear to say more: nay, in truth, I did not mean to confuse you."

"Confuse, uncle! I don't know what you mean," said Capell.

"Don't you? then, my good nephew, just look into the glass, and don't tell me you don't know what confuse means. You are amongst relations: if the girl you have chosen be——"

"Upon my honour, sir, you mistake: I am certainly not—not going to be married."

"Well, sir, your honour is given: I always believe when a man says that. Rosamond, child, put on your riding-dress; Capell's letter will not take him long, and we must dine at two; and Mr. Guerdon's is eight long miles from home."

"I will defer my letter," said Capell. "Cousin, I am ready to attend you at *any time*."

"What *does* all this mean?" thought Rosamond: "here is something wrong, as-

surely. Capell, I will not go, after I have thought——"

"The morning is too cold, perhaps?"

"No—Yes, I mean—very bleak, very raw."

"The ride will do you good, Rosamond," said sir John. "Yes, go."

Rosamond dared not refuse; so she was obliged to equip for the journey; Capell drew on his surtout, and helped her on her horse, mounted the one brought for him, and off they set.

"I dare say you think I am dull," said he; "I have such confounded headaches this weather."

Rosamond looked at him, but said nothing.

"You know a fellow like me—of my constitution, I mean—needs clear weather to make him alive: when this term is over, I mean to go through a course of medicine."

"You have been indisposed ever since you came down then, if I may judge by your spirits," said Rosamond.

"Yes. Ah! what a pretty house! Mr. Methuen has made these virandas, shrubs, and walks, all since I was here last."

Rosamond made no reply. Capell pretending to regard the house, kept his eyes ever and anon turning on his cousin.

"We go through Ingoldsby, I think," said she.

"Yes, oh yes! Ingoldsby, true:" and his countenance lighted up for a moment. "There are the chimneys: *perhaps* I shall make it a pretty place: don't you think I could, Rosamond?"

"Very possibly—yes, most assuredly you could."

"You used to say I was an excellent planner, when we gardened *happily* together, before I went to Oxford."

"Did I?"

"Yes, did you: have you forgotten?"

"I have no interest, Capell, in endeavouring to remember what others wish to forget."

"Wish! did I wish, Rosamond? But there is Ingoldsby Parsonage; though—

ah, I shall down with these elms, and make a drive up: that hedge is horrid, is it not? ah, and I must plant to hide those stables; and a sweep will make it complete—yes, quite complete."

"And is the incumbent an old man?" asked Rosamond.

"No; but nevertheless Ingoldsby will be mine."

"I wish it may."

"Thank you for that frank, kind wish, Rosamond: now shall we push on?"

Rosamond dashed off at a hand-gallop: Capell followed, and they arrived at Mr. Guerdon's, a plain matter-of-fact man, blunt, open-hearted, and fond of money. Amelia, his eldest daughter, and Elizabeth, the second—decided fashionists! they had no mother, having lost her at the age of six years.

Amelia and Elizabeth, dashing girls, fine girls, and striking girls, having no mother, they acted from the impulse of the moment, and frequently were in terrible scrapes.

Elizabeth saw the morning visitors from the drawing-room window.

"Good Heavens! here is Miss Marriott and her cousin: what shall we do? how detestable their coming!"

"Do keep where we are: the room is exquisite! open the piano, and throw a few books about, and then we shall be *en dishabille*," said Miss Amelia: "that girl always gives me the horrors."

In five minutes Capell and Rosamond went in.

After the "delightfuls," the "charmings," that is, after the "*raptures*" of Elizabeth and Amelia were over, at seeing Miss Marriott, the Misses Guerdon bowed coldly to Capell—so coldly, that Rosamond introduced him again as her cousin, Mr. Capell Marriott.

"Oh yes, I know;" and Elizabeth gave a still more annihilating bow.

"I have not *forgotten* Mr. Marriott."

"Nor I," said Amelia, haughtily.

Rosamond had a feeling heart, and she turned with some degree of pain just to

see how Capell bore all this bombastic indifference: she thought a sort of triumph dwelt on his face—a kind of proud contempt.

"We have had a letter from our aunt this morning, from Oxford," said Miss Elizabeth: "You remember Mrs. Honoria, as we called her."

"Oh yes: a droll woman: I have heard you speak——"

"She tells us that——" interrupted Elizabeth.

"No, Elizabeth, I beg—be silent—it is a matter of indifference to *us*."

"I apprehend it is not a matter of indifference," exclaimed Capell to Amelia, in a bitter tone.

She deigned no reply.

Rosamond unconscious of the tale, the sarcasms and the coolnesses of the Misses Guerdon to Capell struck her as ridiculous: it may appear equally so to our readers. The fact is this:—

Capell had been brought up with sir John, had lost his parents at an early

age, and been left in a manner to himself. At twelve he chose the church for his profession, was sent to a public classical school, and told to get on as quick as he could. He became *fag* to a big boy, got his books, cleaned his desk, fought his battles—children love those who beat them sometimes, and so was it the case with Capell: he loved G——, though he got thrice knocked down, and twice caned, for his sake. G—— at first disliked his fag, because he submitted to his caprices, and was content to be drawn naked through his bed in the winter time by two other boys, to warm it; and because he did every thing he commanded him.

"What a fool you are," said a boy one day to Capell, "to be mastered by G——! the next time he asks you to do any thing, throw his books in his face, or kick his legs: tell him you don't care for him, and let him tell Dr. M——n if he dare."

Capell weighed all this in his mind: sundry *bangs* and bruises yet remained on his skin: two days passed, and he had

evinced no symptoms of rebellion, because G—— had spoken *kindly* to him.

On the third day G—— came in.

"Where is my Euclid?" he said, sullenly.

"In your desk," said Capell, looking important.

"And my Greek exercises, are they done?"

"No: you may do them yourself for the future."

G—— looked at Capell.—"What do you mean?"

"Mean! I don't mean to wait on you any more; so now I tell you."

"Get my grammar directly," said G——, fiercely.

Capell took it out of the desk, and threw it at him.

"You rebel, do you?" said G——, bending his fist.

"Strike me if you *dare*," said Capell, going away from the desk, and stoutly standing opposite to G——.

"Dare!"

"Yes, dare! I will wait on you no longer: my *fag* days are over: you may give me a basting, because you are older and bigger; but——"

G—— burst out laughing.—"Come, I am glad you have some *pluck*, my boy; here is my hand; you shall never be my fag again, because you have spirit."

After this, G—— and Capell became *cronies*; both went to Oxford together, and were bosom friends. G—— spent his money like a man, and he made Capell do the same. Capell spent to keep pace with his companion, forgetting he had fewer resources, no expectations, no ready cash to dash away with in style.

"What am I to do?" said Capell, as he sat in G——'s rooms: "I am over head and ears in debt."

"Candid, by G—!" said his companion. "I cannot help you: poor as Job, 'pon honour!"

"What the deuce *am* I to do?"

"Do as all poor devils do, like yourself —marry. You say you dare not ask your uncle for more."

"Not a stiver, 'pon honour: he has been liberal to me, far beyond what I deserve."

"'Pon my soul, Capell, I love you: a hundred will not do, perhaps?"

"A hundred! no, no!"

"Well, you must marry."

"No; I cannot marry for *money*: base! depraved!"

G—— laughed.—"My cousin is rich: my cousin Weslyn, you know."

"Oh, G——! 'pon my soul, I cannot marry."

"Perhaps that cousin of yours is in the way—that fine girl, Miss Marriott."

"No, not in the least: only marrying for money—*only* for money!"

"Why it sounds bad, to be sure: the sum total is, I would help you in this affair if I could; but the wolves growl at one hideously."

"Well, I must manage as well as I can."

This affair was not so easily *managed*: creditors and duns assailed Capell by dozens; in the last extremity he wrote to Edmond—"For God's sake, if you can assist me with three hundred pounds, do."

Edmond could not, and would not, if he could. There was no hope but G——'s cousin, Weslyn. Capell consented to *see* her. He had imagined her deformed, avaricious, and foolish; he found her, with rouge and pearl powder, a passable-looking woman, with a "willing mind" and ten thousand pounds, and thirty-eight years old. Capell, for his part, was twenty-five, handsome and frank-hearted. Miss Weslyn was not deformed, rather a fine figure than not, and Capell was better *pleased* than he thought he could have been. It so happened, Miss Honoria Weslyn was aunt to the Misses Guerdon, and they fancied, from divers expressions and hints, they should be the heirs to her fortune, if she died unmarried.

Creditors grew clamorous; in a fit of despair, Capell made Miss Weslyn an offer of his hand. Without hesitation she consented to marry him, if her uncle, the dean of ——, made no objection. The dean was quiescent, and promised, when Capell was in orders, to give him the living of Ingoldsby. All matters were thus far settled, when Capell came to sir John's to spend the Easter term, the very heart of all his boyish happiness! To complete all, Rosamond was handsomer than ever: he never considered how improbable it was sir John would hear of *his* addressing her, even if Miss Weslyn had not been in the way: with the inconsistency of a young mind, he thought on the bright side of that point far above his reach, drew comparisons between Rosamond and Miss Weslyn in his heart, and had to bear G——'s laughter besides.

Capell soon understood *why* the Misses Guerdon were so cool—"they are avaricious," he said, "and cannot bear Miss Weslyn to marry: what, for God's sake,

am I then?——Necessity has no law! my bills must be paid—they *must* be paid!"

True it is, he had but little dunning since his visit at his uncle's, because the creditors understood a *moneyed match* was on the *tapis*. They were satisfied under that impression, much more so than Capell was.

But to return to the morning call.

"What delightful pretty bonnets you always buy!" said Elizabeth to Rosamond. "Amelia, is not this elegant to a degree?"

"Yes; ours are hideous; there they lie," said Amelia.

Rosamond turned to view the hats as they laid—"Ah, no! they are not; they are beautiful, if I may venture to dissent; the flowers elegant!"

"Presents from Oxford! my *aunt* Honoria," said Elizabeth, smiling maliciously.

"Your aunt? indeed! I thought she was rather parsimonious, you said."

"Yes, our painted aunt, rather so: this is our *last* present, I dare say."

Capell could bear this no longer, so he turned to pat his dog Cæsar. Amelia and Elizabeth exchanged looks of spiteful pleasure.

"Miss Marriott, before you go, I want to say three words to you—*private*," said Elizabeth, "in my dressing-room."

Capell coloured all over his face and forehead.

"Cousin, I don't wish to hasten you; but at two we dine, you know."

"Well then," said Elizabeth, rising, "now, if you please, Miss Marriott; one private *confab*, if you please."

Capell saw Rosamond leave the room, and was left alone with Amelia. In a voice at once cool and distant, he inquired whether she was at the last sessions ball, merely by way of saying something, and to avert the awkwardness of silence.

"No, *sir*, I was not."

"*I* was, madam, and was requested to bear the remembrance of colonel Hauton to you."

It was now Amelia's turn to colour.

"Oh, Hauton, was he there indeed? I thought he was gone abroad."

"No, madam: he is lately married to Miss Creswell."

"Oh, yes; I heard—I understood he was—by the papers, I think—in the Mercury, the Courier, or somewhere," blushing violently under the eyes of Capell—"I really forget."

Capell made no further remark, but thought he had struck home to the heart of Miss Amelia: she was an old flame of the colonel's—an old coquette we should say: the colonel was her partner at every waltz-ball in town, and all the world considered them as good as married.

Reader, thou hast perchance heard of "*two strings to a bow:*" so was it with Miss Amelia Guerdon: the colonel no sooner saw that than he was off, to her great mortification. Adequate retaliation might be allowed Capell; and if not, the irritation of his mind admitted some excuse for bringing up the colonel's name.

Rosamond came back from the dressing-room quite calm, quite as usual, and mentioned her wish of returning home. Capell, of course, was glad of getting away. The Misses Guerdon were *so* sorry they could not prevail on Miss Marriott to stay longer; they were always so charmed when she came to see them, it was *so* seldom, and so much wished for: thus far sincerity.

"I suppose you know *all*," said Capell, after a struggle with his feelings.

Rosamond had too much sense to attempt to prevaricate.—"Yes, I do."

"And don't you hate me, Rosamond?"

"Hate you! no: I pity you, Capell, from my very heart."

"Pity! well, that is more than I deserve."

They rode along silently; at last Capell said—"I have been very wrong, have I not? but what could I do?—human nature is but human nature after all—All I know is this, I shall never be happy again."

Rosamond's eyes met Capell's: she blushed, but still kept a sort of generous command on her features; there was neither love nor hate, but firmness and resolution in it.

"You are wrong there, Capell: Miss Weslyn, the lady you have chosen, may be amiable: you will have——"

"Ah! what shall I have, cousin?"

"What you marry for—money!"

"True: your remark, Rosamond, is just, very just: you are the most candid girl I ever saw: you can have but a mean opinion of me, of my principles: but I must marry her: I shall tell my uncle to-night or to-morrow, and then leave you: I must pass some time at Oxford: I must do a great many things I despise and abhor."

Rosamond gave no reply: she was silent and certainly sorrowful; but her heart was not at all likely to be broken by this affair. If Capell loved money to such an excess, as absolutely to sacrifice himself for it, he was perfectly at liberty, but at

the same time unworthy of one hour's heartache from her.

She did not know of his debts, of his duns; and had heard that Capell was going to marry Miss Weslyn *only* for her money, and a living in the gift of the dean of ——. It might be quite as well that she did *not* know of his embarrassments.

CHAPTER V.

Capell, independent of his ambitious marriage, of the mournful groans, was once more seated in the haunted chamber: once more he took the book of black letter, and began:—

"The ladye mother was buried. Listen, reader! marvellous is the tale! we go back in our legend to the night of the ladye Rosabelle's decease.

"Gabrielle watched by her young mistress: she heard her raving of Edvelle, of water, of the steed, and of flying: the ladye mother came in.

'Thou must leave the room,' she said to Gabrielle: 'much have I to say to my child;' and the attendant obeyed.

'Rosabelle, hear me! thou must consent to be the bride of sir Glevene, or die.'

'Never!' said a feeble voice, 'never! Edvelle yet lives!'

'Edvelle lives not: he perished in the river of Leagerring Mure.'

'I ween it is so, ladye mother! I cannot marry Glevene of Baston. Who art thou? *art* thou my mother?'

'I am: hearest thou not my commands?'

'I hear them.'

'Obey them.'

'Spare me, oh ladye!'

'A convent, death, or a bridal!'

'Death then: yes, Edvelle, death, to be with thee.'

'Damsel—child of mine, thou shalt not be—once more I ask thee.'

'Death!' said Rosabelle, in a faint voice; 'not Glevene, not a convent—death!'

"The ladye mother drew from her robe a phial, and poured some drops into a goblet.—'This is the last nourishment thou wilt ever have from me.'

'Thankful—oh, mother! this is mercy; yes, this is mercy!'

"The ladye of Dontheim smiled on her child.—'Drink, for the last time, from my hand.'

"The ladye Rosabelle drank—'Oh, Edvelle, this to thee!' and back she fell on her pillow. The ladye mother shrieked; Gabrielle flew into the apartment; a long swoon came over her young mistress—so long a one, death was thought to have been monarch over the ladye: during that time the mother left the tower.

"The ladye Rosabelle slept, or thought she slept; a vision, pale and sorrowful, came over her: there seemed to be the distant tolling of a convent bell, and a rustling, as of the leaves of autumn falling down. The ladye Rosabelle knew she slept not: be-

side her sat Genevieve and Gabrielle, watching.—'Why tolls that bell?' she asked.

"'For sir Edvelle—the passing bell,' answered the voice of Genevieve, softly.

'True; he died to-day,' said the ladye Rosabelle: 'died!—yea, died: dost thou not remember, Genevieve, how the waters flowed, and the dark courser swam?'

"Genevieve cast a sorrowful look at her young mistress, and replied not. After that the bell beat more mournfully, and seemed dying away to silence; and the ladye Rosabelle sunk to sleep: several times she sprung up, and wrung her fair hands together, and exclaimed—'Edvelle! Edvelle! save me, save me! oh, ladye! oh, mother! yet a little while—a little while, and then I shall be no more.'

"These convulsive efforts grew fainter and fainter: deeper and deeper seemed the sleep she slept: at last the breath of the ladye grew shorter, and at last it was no more perceived.

"Genevieve summoned the ladye mo-

ther, and the ladye mother gave her child drink.—'Look at her, dread ladye!' she said; 'she is gone:' and she wept bitterly.

'Press thy hand on her heart, Genevieve;' and Genevieve obeyed.

'Ladye, it beats not.'

"The ladye pressed *her* hand on, and then sunk into a long swoon.

'Sawest thou the ladye Rosabelle in her coffin?' said Genevieve to Gabrielle, when they were carrying the bier through the high hall of Dontheim.

'Yea, with these eyes: these hands drew the silk shroud over her face.'

'Art thou *sure?*' repeated the damsel Genevieve.

'Yea: but why these questions?'

'I dare not—if I would say—much has our ladye to answer for.'

'There's blood still in the banquetting-room, spilt years ago!'

'That blood was not spilt by *her*, weak one!' added Genevieve.

'No; but I have heard—how thou

starest on me! dost thou think *I* know aught of our ladye Rosabelle's death, or of the blood in the banquetting-room?'

'I stare on thee because thou 'art pale and ghastly-looking.'

'And who is not pale, when they think of Rosabelle? Look at sir Glevene, and even sir Halbert.'

'Tush! sir Halbert is always pale at Hallowmas time, and confesses, and prays, and the ladye mother too: as for sir Glevene, he loved her well.'

'We all loved her well.'

'Nay, I disclaim that,' said Gabrielle; 'there is one——'

'Yea, one.'

'One I dare not name: here she comes: look! loves she not her now?'

"The wail of the ladye mother was deep; but deeper and more sorrowful was the wail of sir Glevene. The chaunt was hardly over, and the body scarcely in the dust, when his squires and himself left Dontheim Castle.

"Our history is now come to where the ladye mother is dead, and sir Halbert and sir Glevene gone to the Holy Land. Sir Halbert came back no more: he died by a fall from his courser; and after a lapse of time, sir Glevene returned to his native land, rich in honours, with power, with wealth, with castles and lands; but his love yet remained strong for the ladye Rosabelle.

"Time, it is said, wears all things away: so it may, reader, and does.

"There was a grand tournament at the lord James Havercoke's, at which all the choice nobility were to be present. The young damsels of rank sat in rows, covered with veils, looking on the feats of their lovers with sparkling eyes; and the elder ladies were ranged above them, and below sat those of meaner extraction.

"The young knight of Eldenwold first came out, and in playful sportiveness threw his glove into the middle of the vast circle as a challenge: he wore green armour, and

had a badge of lilac flowing from his helmet: he fixed his eyes on the damsel called the *fair Edwina*, as he drew in his horse.—'For *thy* sake,' he said, in a low tone, and the silver trumpet sounding, made him turn his charger quickly round without finishing his sentence.

"A knight in black mail, on a proud steed, rushed into the course, seized the glove, then threw his own glove down, in token of defiance; and after the usual preliminaries, the combat began.

'I know thee,' said the young knight of Eldenwold; 'thou dost aspire to the love of the fair Edwina: the conqueror shall marry her.'

'Even so,' said the knight in black mail.

"And with fury they rushed on each other.

"The fair Edwina, in the agony of her soul, threw aside her veil, and then as quickly drew it on: she sighed, she prayed, she trembled: in vain her sighs, her

prayers—the young knight fell; the knight in black mail unclosed his vizor, but Eldenwold breathed no more.

"Edwina fainted not; her look became fixed on Eldenwold's ghastly countenance: his proud lips were opened; his eyes had the glaze of death on them: true had the spear been to the conqueror, and sure its aim in the bosom of the brave young knight; his life-blood flowed quickly; and even the victor in black mail shrunk back on beholding him.

"He mentioned not his suit to the fair Edwina at that moment, but quitted the circle with triumph, the silver trumpets sounding, and his black steed neighing. The corse of Eldenwold was lifted on his charger. Edwina gave a last—last look at him, suppressed all her grief, and waited till the next combatants should have fought. They were sir Glevene and sir Hildebrand Archivalle.

"Sir Hildebrand was on a roan steed, and sir Glevene on a white one: it was

merely a combat for glory; they were to conquer by skill, not kill each other.

"Again the trumpet sounded, and sir Glevene came forward.

'Whose sake dost thou fight for? who is to give praise if thou gainest the combat?' said sir Glevene's favourite squire, as he was turning to leave him to his foe.

'I fight for glory alone *now*,' said sir Glevene.

'God speed ye,' said the squire; 'but—'

'Away!' said sir Glevene; 'the charge sounds!'

'Though a thousand trumpets clash, I would tell thee, sir knight, there is a damsel of rank in the second row—she is in white and silver—who——'

'Away! away!' cried sir Glevene, and he prepared to meet his brother warrior.—'Glory or shame!'

"They met; furiously the chargers neighed at each other; furiously the brave knights fought. Sir Glevene's courser fell; but in a moment he disengaged his feet

from the stirrups, drew his sword, and attacked his adversary.

"The skill was great on both sides: the spectators stood up, and there was nothing heard but the clash of the weapons on the shields, or on the armour, of the combatants. At last sir Glevene lost his footing and fell.

"A shriek, wild and appalling, was heard, and the damsel in white and silver fainted, and was carried out from under the canopy."

* * * * * *

Here Capell found several leaves entirely gone; but imagining that sir Hildebrand won the combat, and gained the prize of the golden spear, he took up the tale at these words:—

"Sir Glevene was sinking on a couch to sleep, when a letter was brought him; it contained these words:—

"Sir knight, there is by the side of the rampart a close place, where I would fain meet thee. Though thou lost the combat

this day, yet wert thou brave; and if thou wilt deign to see me, I think I can give thee something of far more worth than the victor's golden spear: at midnight I would see thee, *alone!*'

"Sir Glevene warily read these words; curiosity prompted him to rise, and go alone; he felt chilled with somewhat of fear, though his soul was brave. But the hour, and monastic solitariness of the place, awed him.

"He waited not long, the damsel in white and silver appearing.—'Sir knight,' she said, 'thou hast kept thy promise well: what reward wilt thou ask of me?'

'The reward I would ask,' said sir Glevene, coldly, 'is, that thou wilt say why and wherefore I am summoned to this place, fair ladye?'

"The damsel's voice trembled.—'Canst thou love, sir knight?'

'I have loved, ladye: one love was enough for me: I *have* loved, but shall love no more. I will be true to her in death!'

'Nay, that thou canst not tell.'

'I can: she whom I adored, ladye, is dead, but love lives still.'

'Beauty has no powers then, sir knight, for thee?'

'None for me, ladye, as thou sayest,' said sir Glevene, sorrowfully.

'But wealth, perhaps?' exclaimed the ladye, timidly.

'I want not.'

'Since thou hast forsworn love, my stay is but idle here.'

"Sir Glevene was silent.—'One favour I would ask,' he said, after a pause—'unveil, ladye.'

'Never, till thou wilt give me some hope, sir knight.'

'Unveil,' said sir Glevene, attempting to raise the muslin, 'I entreat thee.'

"The ladye prevented him not, and he drew the whole covering from her head. —'Now dost thou forswear love, sir Glevene?'

'Jesu Maria! it is Rosabelle! the ladye Rosabelle!'

"She sunk into his arms."

Here was another long breach in the romance; but rather than be wearied by his own thoughts, Capell went on at the first part which was legible.

"Yes, it was the ladye Rosabelle, and it was *Hallowmas eve!*

"When the ladye mother had given the ladye Rosabelle the drink, it was not poison, as many supposed, but a sleeping potion, which rendered all human creatures to resemble death. The night of the burial she was, by the means of the ladye mother, conveyed away from the castle of Dontheim to a distant convent, where the ladye abbess had strict orders to prevent her making her escape: it had at last been effected, and the ladye Rosabelle made her way to the court of England, determined to obtain justice.

"Justice was wanted not to be administered. The ladye mother was dead, and sir Halbert too. The ladye mother drank of the same philtre, or opiate, which she had given her child, through the mis-

take of Gabrielle, and awoke alive in her tomb; but there was no voice to hear her cries, so she perished.

"At the tournament, and long before, though unknown to sir Glevene, the ladye Rosabelle was gradually feeling a love for him. His constancy not a little contributed to this, and a braver knight never met with more honourable reward.

* * * * * *

'Told I not thee to remember,' said ladye Rosabelle to Gabrielle, as she stood at the altar, 'Hallowmas eve?'

'Yea, ladye.'

'Bear witness then, damsel, to my union with sir Glevene on this day: this is Hallowmas!'

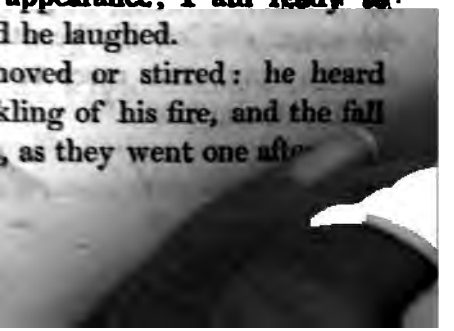
"The holy father interrupted the ladye Rosabelle, and sir Glevene placing the gold circlet on her finger, received his blessing, and led his beauteous bride, in costly array, once more to the high hall of Dontheim Castle."

CHAPTER VI.

CAPELL laid aside the volume; in truth, he began to be weary of his situation; his eyes grew heavy and dim, the heat of the fire spread a drowsiness over him, and he fell into a deep sleep. Suddenly he started, awoke by some dreadful noise; he involuntarily stretched his hand out for his pistols, which he had laid on the table; but they were gone.

"I fancy," he said, trying not to be alarmed, "here will be an *argumentum baculinum*: they have left my hanger though. Evil demons!" he continued, "make your appearance; I am ready to see you;" and he laughed.

Nothing moved or stirred: he heard only the crackling of his fire, and the fall of the cinders, as they went one after



ther out of the grate. The night was as still as death: no windows rattled in their frames; every thing was so silent, you might have heard a pin drop. Capell was not afraid, but certainly not comfortable: he was more alarmed by the disappearance of his pistols, than by the groans he had heard the preceding evening: he watched, he walked round the room, examined every crevice and every door: all remained precisely as he had left them.

"Well, I shall go to bed," he said.

And to bed he went. Twelve o'clock came; and after several ineffectual attempts at obtaining rest, he was sinking to sleep, when he saw a shadow on the wall of a human, or at least some kind of figure, walking gently, as he supposed, to the foot of the bed.—'Who is that?' he was going to ask; but remaining perfectly still and silent, it came up to the side of the bed, drew the curtain asunder, and he beheld a tall, large figure clothed in white *.

* An instance of this kind occurred at lord W—eh—e.

Both fixed their eyes on each other for a moment.

"I am not afraid," exclaimed Capell, starting up and seizing his hanger, "I will soon know whether you be spirit or devil."

The figure did not testify any fear, but stood silent and still.—"Who are you? tell me who you are," demanded Capell, springing from the bed, "or I will murder you."

"Damn me if I care!" said the figure, sturdily.

Capell dropped his hanger as the man spoke.—"No, I wont murder you; it is Tom Giles, who pulled me out of the moat, by the voice."

The man nodded his head, in token it was so.

"Why do you come to frighten this family?" said Capell, after a pause.

"We do a little trade on the sea—contraband or so, as you call it."

"Well, and if you do?"

"We want stowage sometimes: there

is a vault or two here under this part of the house a little useful to us. But you wont speak of this: remember old times, master Capell; one good turn——"

"Yes, yes—deserves another."

"And if this part of the house an't made terrifying, why, we are done up, that's all."

"So you wanted to terrify me—those groans last night——"

"I made."

"And my pistols?"

"I took away. Look there, master Capell; I came from behind that picture."

Capell looked, and saw that it was painted on a sliding pannel.

"You were asleep, and I made no noise; but you shall have them again."

"In plain English then, you are engaged in a band of smugglers, who infest this part of the house."

"Infest! ay, master, if you will have it so: you can say you have seen a ghost, if you are asked; but you must not betray us."

Giles had saved Capell's life; it was now in Capell's power to save Giles. He promised to say nothing of a ghost, nor of their plans.

"Is there no other place would do as well for you?" said Capell, feeling he was not acting strictly right.

"Why, as for that, we shan't want to come here long at all; but there is some stuff of ours we want to conceal for a few days now."

"After that you will not come any more?"

"No."

"Indeed?"

"'Pon my soul, master Capell."

"You will swear you wont?" and Capell put his hand into his pocket.

"Ay, master, I don't mind swearing, if you wish it," said Giles, who observed the action of his companion.

"You saved my life; perhaps you might as well have let me sink. But you wont come any more then to these vaults, Giles?"

"Not after three days, master Capell,"

said the man, keeping his eye on the collegian's hand, "by——"

"Don't swear: Tom Giles won't break his word: here—I was never much overstocked with money; but you *wont* come any more?"

"And *you* wont tell master?" said Giles, walking slowly to the pannel, pocketing the money.

"No: good night, Giles; remember your promise."

"Thank you, sir; good night to you," said Giles; and the pannel was drawn slowly to its place, the picture fell to its proper situation, as usual, and Capell went comfortably and quietly to bed.

He quieted the alarm of his cousin Rosamond by a little conversation with her; and his cheerful description of the night, with the crackling cinders, flittering candles, &c. &c. convinced the family he had seen nothing.

"I wish," he said to his cousin, "you would read that old romance on the cabi-

net, in black letter: I have been infinitely amused by it these three last momentous evenings."

"I will the first opportunity," she said, without testifying any of that eagerness she was *once* wont to do when he recommended a book to her.

He remembered, bitterly enough, perhaps, he must no more expect it; *he* had forfeited all that was dear to him on earth. —"Rosamond, you find me very dull, don't you?" he said.

"You find *us* dull, Capell." And there was another long painful pause.

"Dull! I am dull everywhere *now!*"

"That is rather odd too," said Rosamond; and she checked herself.

"Rather odd, now I am going to be married, you were going to say. You will call on us at Ingoldsby, wont you though?"

"Yes, if you wish it."

"I can improve Ingoldsby, don't you think I can?" asked Capell abstractedly.

"Yes."

Capell took two or three turns round the room.—"You *will* read that romance, then, I mentioned to you?"

"Yes."

"When I am gone—I *go* to-morrow morning."

Rosamond appeared quite calm: she made no mention of her wishes as to his longer stay, but kept on with her work. Capell looked at her intently.

"I hope you don't think I slight you, or my uncle, by leaving you so soon."

"Slight! oh, no," she said.

Rosamond spoke freely and frankly: if Capell had any vanity, it could not be much gratified by her manner.

He was silent, and she too.—"This is the last morning we shall spend together: I as a Benedict; or you, perhaps, as a free maiden!" and he laughed *forcedly*.

Rosamond laughed too, and there was another dread pause.

"Is it your scissars you are looking for?" was Capell's inquiry.

TALES OF
Cavill took two of the
the room.—"You will read
then, I mentioned to you
"Yes."
"When I am gone—
morning."
Rosamond appeared
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I as a Benedict;
maiden!" and he
Rosamond lau
nother dread
"Is it
Capell had
much gratifie
He was silen
the last morning

"Yes; thank you, thank you, cousin!" and Rosamond spoke so kindly, that Capell felt a sigh rising: he coughed it away: *former times* came over him, and *future ones* too.

How many mornings had he spent in studying lessons with his cousin, in digging her garden, and helping her to take care of her plants! and *sometimes* Rosamond's governess thought he assisted in writing her exercises, and doing her sums. Be this as it may, certain it is, the sums and exercises were always better and more correctly done in the Christmas and Midsummer holidays than at other times.

But what was all this now, or Rosamond to him, but a *very dear* friend and cousin? and even if Miss Weslyn had not "been in the way," ten chances to a thousand if he could have had her. In the first place, she was the *only* daughter of sir John, moderately rich, but making up for that by beauty and virtues, which, weighed in a lover's estimation, *were infinitely* preferable to any thing else; and——but this

was irrelevant: Capell *was* engaged, and Rosamond *must* only be thought of *as* a friend, and *as* a cousin.

Then hope flitted again before Capell's eyes: if he had not been dissipated, if he had not been in debt, if he could have got the living of Wrottesly, and if he had been what he ought (this was galling to a degree), he *might* perhaps have had Rosamond. But it was not so, and he found himself walking to and fro hastily in the room, occupied with these chimeras.

"I have been thinking," said Capell, and he stopped.—"Rosamond! I have been thinking that a neighbour at Ingoldsby wont be disagreeable."

"You have been thinking right," said Rosamond, drily.

"You wont expect to see Miss Weslyn beautiful nor young."

"But I may see her *amiable*," replied Rosamond, in a tone of voice at once generous and kind.

"Amiable! yes, she *is* amiable; and that remark, Rosamond, was very amiable;

just like you. But I must be off to the Park Farm. Good-bye!" and he dashed off, not daring to trust himself there any longer.

Rosamond turned round to look at him, but he was gone.—"Poor Capell, after all, I do pity him! What says Dryden on this?"

Capell staid to dine at a Mr. Johnstone's, and sir John, at dinner, descanted on the "goodness" of the match between his nephew and Miss Weslyn. Before Capell, a sensation of maidenly pride kept Rosamond reserved and distant. But when she thought (and thought will come sometimes unbidden) on his boyish days spent with her, who then was so generous or kind-hearted as Capell? Edmond had spoken of his debts too to her; and it was to pay his debts he married, or meant to marry. She embodied this with an idea of generosity—a sort of nobleness! But let the reader reflect; Rosamond saw Capell certainly preferred her.

"Quickly comes such knowledge."

And though three words of love had never been breathed to her from Capell, yet she had every *reason* to suppose, if Miss Weslyn had not been rich, and Capell had not been extravagant, she——

But why all this? the turkey is smoking on the table, and sir John awaits grace to be said before he begins. Now for the conversation:—

"So, Edmond, Capell *is* going to marry?" said sir John.

"Yes, father: he's a lucky fellow, I think!"

"Ingoldsby and ten thousand pounds!" repeated sir John, as he filled his mouth; "no bad thing! I am heartily glad of it."

"And I too.—Bread-sauce, Rosamond, if you please."

"A little alteration in the house, a sweep made, and two or three hundreds, will make it quite a different thing.—John, bring me some potatoes.—And Mrs. Capell will be no unpleasant neighbour for my Rosamond."

Reader! if you have ever been in a con-

cert-room, where one instrument has been not in unison with the rest, you may imagine how the words *Mrs. Capell* grated on the ears of Rosamond.

"I rather wonder Capell marries so soon," said sir John.

"Is the time fixed?" asked Rosamond, perfectly calm.

"Within half a year—he will be—"

"Ah! I thought so," said Rosamond quickly.

"It seems but yesterday," continued sir John, "when Capell was driving you about in his barrow, and digging your garden for you: he was a merry little fellow: I am heartily glad at his good fortune."

"So am I," exclaimed Edmond. "This turkey is overdone confoundedly!"

"So am *not* I," thought Rosamond; "yet, if it be *good fortune*, I *am* glad too."

Sir John was so intent on his nephew's *prime* match, he had not observed the turkey was done at least two minutes too much, the gravy too thin, and the bread

sauce by *no* means good. These disasters followed quick on the heels of each other. Capell's marriage, Indgoldsby, the ten thousand, were all forgotten, as soon as sir John discovered the extent of his misery; and as we do not exactly understand the technical language of stews, nor the exact number of *turns* a turkey should go round, or whether the bread-sauce should be beaten with a fork or a spoon, we leave sir John to scold the cook, and grumble over his dinner.

We pass over two or three days, because we do not wish to be found unamusing, and briefly say, Capell was off to Oxford, sir John off to his steward, and Rosamond to the haunted chamber. She was dull perhaps, and thought the old book of black letter might amuse her: she had just opened it at the first page, when (we love mystery) a——

"Miss Rosamond, the two Miss Guerdons are come! who should ever have thought, miss, of your being here? I have

been looking," said a maid-servant, out of breath—" I have been looking all over the house, miss, for you."

" Give my compliments to the Miss Guerdons, and I am coming immediately."

CHAPTER VII.

The Scene turns.

" I HAD no idea Miss Marriott painted so well," said Elizabeth to her sister Amelia, as they waited in the drawing-room for Rosamond, " if these are her doing: these brackets I mean."

" Why, they are nothing but flowers," said Amelia, in her usual haughty tone.

" No; I grant that; but they are done in the first style."

" First style! absurd! the leav
much too dark, the ro

tural, and the groups, to my idea, quite hideous!"

"Difference of taste!" said Elizabeth, with satiric emphasis: "we do clash sometimes."

"We do, indeed," said Amelia, coldly: "we are very different sisters: to see us separate, no one could imagine but that we were utter strangers to each other."

"We are different, I grant you," retorted Elizabeth, raising her eyes to her sister's face.

"I make no allusions to *beauty*," said Amelia, haughtily.

"Nor I: but come now, for once allow we do think alike: is not this sleeping child well done? this is Miss Marriott's, I am sure."

"No; there are the streaks of the brush all over it, and there is a vile coat of carmine daubed on the cheeks: you really don't understand painting, Elizabeth."

"I may return the compliment; and—"

The door opened, and Rosamond ap-

peared, which interrupted the conversation of the two Miss Guerdons.

"I am sorry I have made you wait," she said, extending a friendly hand to each.

"Oh, we have been infinitely amused," said Elizabeth, "looking at your paintings: the sleeping child my sister has been *admiring!*"

Miss Guerdon neither dissented nor assented, but remained haughtily silent.

"She must flatter, surely!" said Rosamond, smiling; "that is not mine, but one of Capell's first."

Miss Guerdon looked still more indignant, yet glad she *had* despised it.

"Miss Marriott, Elizabeth is so ridiculous, I——"

"Nay, but you have been admiring the brackets!" interrupted Elizabeth, quickly.

It was impossible for Miss Guerdon to venture a word here; for Rosamond had just said *they* were her painting.

"We came to invite you, if you would

do us the favour," said Miss Guerdon, listlessly: "we have a little dance to-night; quite a sudden thing, or we would have let you know before."

"Thank you; I don't know."

Elizabeth and Amelia exchanged looks.

"Do," said Elizabeth faintly.

"Will it be a *large* party, may I ask?"

"No;" said Amelia.

"Why," said Elizabeth, glancing at her sister, "I don't know, if *all* come."

"If *all* come, true!"

"Then I must decline."

"But your brother, may we hope for the pleasure of his company?" said Amelia.

"Edmond? Oh yes, I am sure he will: he is just come in; I will run and tell him."

The Miss Guerdons were left together alone.—"Don't press her *much*," said Amelia; "there will be so many ladies."

"Why, I was obliged to second what you said, but I did it as faintly as possible."

"Tell her it is a large party—an im-

mense one! do any thing to keep her away."

"Trust to me; but I must start it once more: if possible, I will prevent it."

"Then we shall not have the pleasure of your company, I am afraid," said Amelia, as Rosamond came in.

"Thank you; yes, my brother will wait on you, and I too."

Both sisters felt startled, but made shift to murmur out something about pleasure, and so forth; and after a little desultory conversation they separated, Rosamond to look over her dresses, and the Miss Guerdons to plan partners for the evening.

Let us take a peep into the private characters of the aforesaid maidens.—"Well, I have heard a great deal of this Miss Marriott," said sir Henry Philipson, as he was walking about the ball-room, before the company came.

"I dare say you have," said Elizabeth, with a *queer* laugh.

"She is *exquisitely* beautiful!" said

Amelia, wishing to raise sir Henry's ideas to such a pitch, so that in nature he must be disappointed.

"Ah! I reckon much of seeing her," he said.

"Amelia, don't you remember how struck Edward Barclay was with her at the Hapton race ball? him she encouraged, and then——"

"I wont have you say a word against her," exclaimed Amelia, with affected eagerness.

"Who is this you wont hear a word against?" said a humble swain of Miss Guerdon.

"Miss Marriott, sir John Marriott's daughter," said Amelia, in a loud tone.

"Oh, *I* know her!" and with a very disagreeable look he walked away.

Sir Henry saw the look, and heard what Elizabeth inferred: he began to think Miss Marriott was but a mere fashionable toast after all. *But* it must be remembered he was not intimately acquainted with his fair hostesses, and saw none of

the manœuvrings, nor none of the narrow-minded acting of them behind the scenes.

He had long wished to see the Miss Marriott whom he had heard spoken of as such an amiable woman: his expectations were raised, despite of all the Miss Guerdons inferences: he raised his glass every moment as the door opened.—"Is that Miss Marriott?" he kept inquiring: "Is that Miss Marriott?"

"You will know her in a moment," said Miss Guerdon: "she is tall, and so *excessively* elegant; her hair is of the finest brown, her eyes the finest grey you ever saw, and her figure beautiful to a degree!"

Sir Henry saw whole parties enter—tall, short, light, dark, but no Miss Marriott.

"I wonder she is not come," said Amelia.

"Miss Marriott is late everywhere," exclaimed Elizabeth, laughing: "at the L—s she was the last in the room—at the Georges—at the Dunstanvilles."

"Sir Henry, you will soon *know* Eli-

zabeth: don't mind her: there *is* Miss Marriott now! come, and I will introduce you:" she gave one glance as she spoke —what a moment of triumph!—he looked *evidently disappointed.*

"*That* Miss Marriott!" he said, as he followed Amelia across the room. "Why, I thought she had been much handsomer."

Amelia had no time to reply; for the introduction was near at hand, and "sir Henry Philipson" and "Miss Marriott" passed in due form: there was no particular grace in her curtsey, no peculiar elegance in her motions.

He looked and felt disappointed; for somehow he had reckoned so much of seeing Miss Marriott—the "elegant," the "beautiful" Miss Marriott, as he had heard her termed: he beheld a girl with fine dark grey eyes, with dark eyebrows, and long, fine eyelashes, and a profusion of brown hair, certainly handsome, but nothing answering *his* expectations.

Amelia had said she was witty, and her conversation brilliant to a degree: during

the first dance he had engaged her as his partner; and when he led her to a seat, and placed himself beside her, he naturally expected to hear some of this dazzling effervescence: he glanced at various subjects likely to bring out this talent: not one answered. Rosamond conversed, laughed, and was pleased with his attentions, but not witty: he spoke of love; he tried to flirt with her—no—still she remained the same.

"Well, I don't think she is a coquette," said sir Henry to himself, as he saw her led out by another gentleman; and he immediately walked to another part of the room, where he could see her dancing: it was good dancing—nothing to shew off—she loved it, and she danced as if she loved it.

The Miss Guerdons were both prime dancers and prime waltzers; they *quadrilled* in the first style, and were dashing fine women; they had multitudes of partners, were in great spirits, and kept their gaiety up till the last hour.

Sir Henry again led out Miss Marriott. —"I think I had the pleasure of seeing a relation of yours this morning," he said, as he placed her at the top of the set; "a Mr. Capell Marriott, a young clergyman."

"Very likely; he left us yesterday, and is returned to Oxford," she replied.

Rosamond blushed intensely as she spoke, for sir Henry's eyes were fixed on hers; he however thought nothing, but continued conversing with her till the dancing began. Rosamond was not in great spirits. Capell was gone to Oxford to be married, and not perhaps *happily:* as a cousin she loved him, pitied him, and felt for him: all his years of joyous boyhood had been passed with her, or at least in her society. He was journeying away (she knew) in sorrow, and she was——but why this? the contrast must inevitably strike the reader, if he be of a sensible heart; and if not, let it go.

Rosamond *had* looked better, certainly, but still she looked "tolerable," as the

Miss Guerdons thought; *they* only wished she had not been so handsome as she was; for her face, though very pale when she first came into the room, was covered with a beautiful red, from the exercise of dancing; and her hair curled so provokingly pretty, and her arms were really *excessively* white.

Sir Henry wished to *like* her; but he heard, from three different persons, she had coquetted with Mr. Barclay, half broken his heart, and then rejected him. He was much disappointed in her beauty, in her grace and elegance; but yet there was something *uncommonly* interesting in her countenance; and after all the reports he had heard, after all his expectations had been raised, this was a great deal; at least we think so.

"Miss Marriott was not in good spirits last night," said Miss Guerdon, as she poured out the coffee the next morning: "really I thought she looked absolutely *unhappy*."

"No wonder," rejoined Elizabeth, and

sir Henry listened attentively: "no wonder, when we consider *all*."

"Elizabeth, what can you mean?" asked Amelia, with evident, yet affected surprise.

"Why, is not Capell Marriott going to marry?—a blessed creature to be sure!"

Sir Henry now remembered the blush which overspread Rosamond's face when he mentioned her cousin to her. He went on drinking his coffee and eating his ham and toast, as if he was not listening. Amelia and Elizabeth saw this, and lowering their voices, began canvassing "the *affair* of young Barclay," yet in such a manner that sir Henry lost not a syllable, nor a word of it.—"I know—I had it from Miss Barclay, his cousin," said Elizabeth, when they had gone over the whole field of her coquetry, as they termed it; "and she has encouraged, then discouraged, till at last *he* has left *her!* but——" said Elizabeth again.

"And Capell Marriott——" interrupted Amelia.

"Oh, she was certainly attached to Capell! why, when I told her he was going to marry our dearly-beloved aunt, no corpse could be whiter! 'pon my honour, I rang for salts!"

"Well, I am sorry for her—very sorry," said Amelia: "she appears so very melancholy—so different to what she was a year since."

"Ah, she is: but still a coquette is——"

"Oh yes, I agree with you; it is a character I despise; but still I cannot think——"

"And I too," exclaimed sir Henry, interrupting Amelia.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Amelia, with a well-feigned start, "you have not heard our conversation surely?"

"Yes; every word, every syllable: I am *glad* I have heard it; it has done me a world of good: it has——"

"What am I to infer from these words?" asked Amelia, laughing.

"Any thing you please, Miss Guerdon."

"Oh, but don't think the worse of the

lady of whom we have been speaking: she is young, and, like us, has had no mother to direct her."

There was something *amiable* in this: sir Henry thought so, and Amelia's end was gained, for once at least: it would have been better had she not said *like us*, but it passed off well.

Sir Henry Philipson's father and Mr. Guerdon's had been old friends—school-fellows, we believe: however, sir Henry was come to pass a week with his *father's old friend*, half-prepossessed in favour of the two Miss Guerdons: he had seen them only once previous, which was during his father's lifetime, at the grand quarterly assembly at Dulwich; he thought them excessively fine women, but not *exactly* to his taste: to be sure they were the most elegantly-dressed females in the room, waltzed the best, danced the best, and gained great admiration. Elizabeth he certainly thought frank, and Amelia proud; he loved women to be both proud and frank. But *still* there was a something

not to his taste. And yet his father had once hinted, Paston Manor, and the family mansion of the Philipsons, were *very* near; but if they were all made one, *it would be a very fine estate indeed!*

Sir Henry loved his father, and had heard him frequently speak of the Miss Guerdons as "sweet girls;" for, in truth, when old sir Henry had visited them, who so obliging as Amelia, or so apparently sincere as Elizabeth, who, under the appearance of frankness and sincerity, not unfrequently said things *very* opposite to what her real sentiments were.

Then they always greeted him with open-hearted smiles, and with that sort of deference very pleasing to sir Henry, and were always ready to oblige at the piano or harp, or to sing. At table his taste was consulted—at the dessert: all this was very winning, and sir Henry *did* think them very sweet girls, with no affectation; and Paston Manor, Mr. Guerdon's smallest estate, *was* really a *noble place*, and joined the paternal Philipson

mansion. Old sir Henry died, but mentioned no wish to his son of their actually *being* made one: he left him a fine estate unencumbered, with a good heart, a solid, excellent education, and a good understanding, and bound by no promise—no, not even a *wish* to marry one of the two Miss Guerdons. Well, old sir Henry died, we said before, and of him might be inferred—

> "A star has set for ever here,
> To glitter in a brighter sphere."

Young sir Henry came to a fine property, and here he is at the Guerdons.

"Young Edward Barclay, as I live," said the hearty plain-matter-of-fact Mr. Guerdon, as he sat at dinner, "never knew him behind his time before: Melia, make room for him by you."

Amelia rose slowly, was going to assume a haughty look, but *recollected* herself, smiled, and Edward Barclay came in.

Somehow sir Henry felt a sort of interest relative to the young man Miss Mar-

riott had *jilted*; he saw, as Mr. Barclay moved to his seat, a tall, fine-looking young man, *as men go*, handsome, dark, manlike, and sensible-looking.—"What made you so late?" said Mr. Guerdon; "I never wait, you know."

Barclay blushed, and was going to reply.

"Don't ask him, sir," said Elizabeth: "guilty I see: he has been with his fair—"

"You mistake," exclaimed Barclay, interrupting her: "I have been engaged with no lady or ladies, Miss Elizabeth, upon my honour."

Barclay spoke seriously: the mention of love, or an allusion to it, always made him feel uncomfortable, *since* he had known Miss Marriott. Sir Henry thought he looked so, and for once began to dislike frankness or bluntness, which are so often mistaken for each other.

Sir Henry's countenance was a looking-glass to Amelia, who gave one of her dignified looks at Elizabeth, and a *hush!* which was heard all over the table.—

"Come, Barclay, you don't eat," said Mr. Guerdon.

"Thank you, sir, I have dined at sir John Marriott's."

"God bless me, sir John's!" said Mr. Guerdon, in surprise.

"Yes, sir;" and Barclay coolly turned the conversation.

"I will venture a question," thought Elizabeth.—"Did you see Miss Marriott, Mr. Barclay?"

"No, ma'am."

"Not up, I dare say: the ball last night was too much for her. By-the-bye, I wish you could have come."

"I was sorry it was not in my power to do myself the honour: I heard the dancing was carried on with great spirit, from Mr. Edmond Marriott."

"Oh yes, *we* do every thing with spirit. I *wonder* you did not see Miss Marriott to-day." The galled jade winced grievously at this remark.

"Any news in the papers this week?"

said Barclay to Mr. Guerdon, without attending to Elizabeth's speech.

"None, sir, none;" and his host went on with his venison pasty.

"They are very stupid just now, very stupid," said Barclay.

"What, are there no marriages?" exclaimed Elizabeth, laughing; "then they——"

"Marriages, Elizabeth!" interrupted Amelia, haughtily: "how absurd you are —*low!*" she said, in a suppressed tone: "quite low—you are indeed."

"Lady Susan Campbell is married," continued Elizabeth to Barclay.

"I don't remember her."

"What! not at the last quarterly ball? you thought her so like Miss Marriott, you know."

"Ah, I did."—Here was torture again to Barclay.—"Yes, I do remember."

"The colour of her hair you thought—"

"Yes, oh yes!"

"And her eyes were like Miss Marriott's," you said.

"True."

"And her figure."

"Yes, exactly so:" and, for a wonder, Elizabeth *probed* no more, nor no further.

The dinner over, the dessert over, the ladies rose, and left Barclay, Mr. Guerdon, and sir Henry together.—"Why did not you come last night?" said Mr. Guerdon to Barclay.

"I was engaged, sir."

"Engaged! young Marriott said there was no such thing as getting you to them; and he has a pretty sister to attract."

Barclay's colour went and came.

"Miss Marriott is a pretty girl—nay, a handsome girl:—fill your glass and toast her, do."

"With all my heart," said sir Henry.

Barclay filled his in silence, and drank it, slightly saying the words, "Miss Marriott."

Mr. Guerdon, who was a professed man of business, had affairs with his steward, and after having taken some few glasses of wine, left the two young men over their

bottle. Sir Henry was interested in Barclay, and felt a wish to know *if* he had been *really* coquetted with: if he had, Miss Marriott and her auburn hair, and retiring manners, &c. &c. might go.

Sir Henry began to *sound:* he first spoke of sir John, whom he had known about two years. Barclay was reserved, and gave his assent or dissent to sir Henry's remarks, by single words, or in as few as possible.

Sir Henry drew nearer: he mentioned Mr. Edward Marriott *as a good shot*— one of the best shots in the country: he had one of the finest blood-mares anywhere, and intended running her at —— races, against lord C—'s Nick, and major Westgate's Folly.

"No! horses were not the *forte* of Barclay, certainly."

At last he came *dash* to the point.— "Miss Marriott is a fine girl, Mr. Barclay: I had the honour of being introduced to her last night."

"A very fine girl, sir," was the answer; —"a very *attractive* girl."

The word *attractive* was spoken with great emphasis. Sir Henry looked for a smile of contempt, but saw none.—"I was rather disappointed in her too," continued he; "I thought she had been a professed beauty."

"Indeed!" said Barclay.

"Yes: she has a good figure."

"And a good heart," said Barclay firmly: and sir Henry was satisfied; he brought her name up no more: convinced Mr. Barclay had not been coquetted with, he felt pleased, he knew not why.—But to go on with our tale.

The Miss Guerdons waited tea in the drawing-room: the bubbling and loud hissing urn poured forth its steamy columns; the pianoforte, the harp, and the two Miss Guerdons, were ready to "*shew off*," and so we leave them.

CHAPTER VIII.

"You said you would call on the Marriotts," said sir Henry to his fair hostesses, as they were at breakfast, "whilst I was with you."

"We did; but we *must* go to the Margetsons first," said Amelia.

"To-morrow then, I suppose," said sir Henry, carelessly, "you will go to Houghton, perhaps."

"Not to-morrow; no, certainly not to-morrow: we promised the Watsons you know, sir Henry."

"The next day we *could*, certainly."

"The next day is the hunting party."

"Ah!" said Amelia, with feigned surprise, "so it is; how unlucky!"

"I should like to see the mansion-house; Houghton is reckoned a fine place."

"I wish we *could* go, but I am afraid ——"

"But general Watson lives at Ingoldsby, I think; that is near."

"Yes; but Ingoldsby, you know, sir Henry, is three *long* miles from Houghton; and after all this rain! and my father is so particular about his horses; and the Watsons make us stay so long always." Amelia glanced at sir Henry's countenance: "but we might just ride in view of Houghton, if you so *much* wished to see it."

"But the horses, and the roads, you said, Miss Guerdon——and it would look strange, would it not, if they heard we went so near, and did not——"

"Then I am afraid we *must* give it up altogether, because——"

"No, I *must* see Houghton," said sir Henry, drily.

"And you *must* see Miss Marriott," said Amelia: "I will invite her, assuredly."

Sir Henry paid no attention to her last.

words, but reverted to the "Barclay affair," and what young Barclay said about "the good heart."

"*I* never thought she behaved ill, nor coquetted, but Mr. Barclay's aunt told me."

"But this was Mr. Barclay *himself*," interrupted sir Henry, "who said *she has a good heart.*"

"Yes, of course you believe him; but all the world—in fact——but *I* love her, and wont repeat what the world thought and said—I love her, and *pity* her."

"Now comes the story of the young clergyman, Capell Marriott," thought sir Henry.

"I *pity* her because *she* has been disappointed."

Sir Henry *could* not help remembering the blush: he then remembered too, when he saw Capell at the inn, he was in bad spirits, very pale, very abstracted, and so on. He had heard a little bird whisper there was a *mutual* attachment, which is a million times harder to be cured than

where *one* loves: so we believe, however.

"But the note," exclaimed Amelia: "I will ask her this afternoon."

Sir Henry seemed neither glad nor sorry; at least he *testified* neither by his look.

"Who are you going to ask?" inquired Elizabeth, taking her eyes from a volume which she had been advised *not* to read, because it was an *Anacreontic* poem.

"Miss Marriott."

Elizabeth stared.—"Go on," said Amelia, "with your book, Elizabeth."

For a wonder Elizabeth obeyed. The writing-desk was brought, and this was the billet to Miss Marriott:—

"MY DEAR MISS MARRIOTT,

"I write this to beg the favour of your company this afternoon; we are quite alone, and shall so much enjoy your society: you must not refuse us. How are you after your dancing and conquests? do come, and we will talk it over: *you* have been much conversed on, I assure

you. I dare write no more, as I must send the servant immediately: come quite *en famille*, I entreat.—I am,

Yours very affectionately and sincerely,

AMELIA GUERDON.

"P. S. Have you ever had the measles? they rage dreadfully here: one of our servants is ill with them."

Miss Guerdon knew Miss Marriott had never had them. They *had* a servant ill, Miss Guerdon chose to think with the measles, and the measles *were* in the village; but as to "*raging dreadfully*" (but there is no accounting for a lady's imagination), it is out of the question.

An answer was brought in due time. Miss Guerdon opened the note: the first line was sufficient.—"I am sorry it is not in my power——"

Sir Henry was not in the room, therefore there was little need of any peculiar command of countenance.—"She does not come, Elizabeth."

"Very well, I am perfectly easy; don't disturb me: I am now in the finest part of this poem."

"We have only half an hour before we should go to the Margetsons: here comes sir Henry now—I wish he would read to us till we go: I will ask him."

Sir Henry consented to the request. Elizabeth *would* search for a book. There was Kirke White, he was too grave—Moore, rather too glowing—Coleridge, too fantastical—Southey, too monastical: oh, there were lord Byron's Hebrew Melodies! they *would* do. The two ladies took out their works, and sir Henry began a melody.

"It is the hour when from the boughs——"*

"Oh, how much your voice resembles Mr. Barclay's in reading!" said Elizabeth.

* We were once in the library of ——, Esq. when a good and animated reader offered to treat us with *Milman's Fall of Jerusalem*: there was a party of ladies present at work in the library, and we felt mortified to death to hear, in the finest parts, entreaties for scissars, hunts after needles, and searches after different shades of em-

"Hush, Elizabeth! Sir Henry, pray go on," said Amelia.

"The nightingale's high note is heard——"

"Oh, amazingly similar!" said Elizabeth again, provokingly.

"It is the hour——"

"My thread-paper, I can do nothing without my thread-paper," *whispered* Elizabeth.

"————" when lovers vows
"Seem sweet in every whispered word——"

"I have positively lost my needle: oh, my pretty, dear little needle! where are you?" continued she, in the same suppressed tone.

"And distant winds and waters near——"

"Sir Henry, will you move your foot —may I trouble you?"

"Make music to the lonely ear:
Each flower the dews have wet;
And——"

broidery silks; all made with no *great noise*, but a *vast* deal of disturbance, such as stamping on poor little *Bijou*, the lap-dog, and moving chairs, &c. &c.

"My watch stops, positively."

Amelia deigned no reply, but a look of *ineffability.*

"—— in the skies the stars are set——"

"Sir Henry, do tell me the hour?"

"Five minutes to one, Miss Elizabeth."

"And in the heavens, that clear obscure,
So finely dark, and darkly pure."

Sir Henry closed the volume, not pleased; certainly, if he had any vanity (and we do all possess some), it could not be much gratified; he had faults—he was no phœnix—no hero, but a good-hearted young man*, with a good understanding, and he was but a human creature.

"Miss Marriott does not come—I'm so sorry."

All Amelia *could* do, she looked any thing *but* sorry.

* In reply to a question of this sort once, a lady, formerly the h——ble Miss G—ch, said—"what would I have more?—a coach and six."—She has, since this was written, been amply gratified, by marrying a man who *now* cares as little for her as she could do for him; but as there is a coach and six, ambition is sated.

"So am I," said sir Henry; "what prevents her I wonder?"

Amelia felt for the note in her ridicule.

"Elizabeth, have you seen any thing of a note anywhere, that I might shew sir Henry?"

"I saw one somewhere, I don't know now—on the side-table, I think."

"How stupid now!"

Sir Henry felt an interest about the note, and absolutely helped to seek for it; a woman's *character* sometimes tells itself in a note, in some measure.

"How provoking," said Amelia, "now, that this note is not to be found!"

"Very," reechoed sir Henry.

Sofa-cushions, ridicules, and drawers, underwent a thorough search—no note appeared. Amelia well knew the measle story would not go down with sir Henry; the note was best where it was—in her pocket; but to save appearances, she thought it would be best to pretend a wish to shew it.

"No, I can't find it really."

"I must be content then!" exclaimed sir Henry, Amelia thought, with more earnestness than the case required.

"Oh! she writes a delightful hand."

"Does she? what sort of a *note*?"

"Flashy—effective rather!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "I speak truth always."

"A note Miss Marriott *ought* to write!" exclaimed Amelia, coolly.

Elizabeth stared, thought her sister was *overdoing* it, but said no more.

Sir Henry was not in love with Miss Marriott, hardly, after one night's acquaintance, and about three half-hours conversation; he had seen just enough of her to wish to see more—a thing thousands have done, and been disappointed.

The carriage was not at the door exactly at a quarter past one, so the ladies stood with their bonnets on, talking of the change of the seasons—which they each preferred—and so on. Sir Henry took up a book which lay near him, merely to have something in his hands.—"Oh! here is Miss Marriott's name, I declare."

"Yes—but, sir Henry, the carriage is *now* come—*now* at the door."

"Fenelon too."

"Yes—pray don't keep us; we shall have but just time, sir Henry."

Sir Henry walked after the two Miss Guerdons, but still retained the book, despite Elizabeth's assurances; reading in a carriage was a bad thing, and still worse when two ladies were with him.

The case grew no better. Sir Henry smiled, and put the volume in his pocket.

And how passed Miss Marriott's time all this while? In reading the volume of black letter? No—a certain hand had deposited an epistle in that book, of more interest to her than all the romances in the world: the words were few, but Rosamond felt them to her heart of hearts; many times she had read them over; they were these—

"DEAR ROSAMOND,

"In my room, or at least the room that *was* mine when I was so happy

as to live with your father, is Bell's edition of Shakespeare—I beg you will accept it; you formerly admired it, and wished for it; therefore I offer it to your acceptance.

"I have not once had the resolution to thank you for all past kindnesses—all past happinesses I have received from you—receive them now, my dear cousin, and believe me grateful, with all my faults.

"I am now about to expiate my dissipation by marrying. Pray call on us at Ingoldsby. Pray let me have *your* wishes for my happiness. I feel much pain in quitting you all, more especially as I——But regrets are unavailing. Receive my best —my most heartfelt wishes for your welfare. As to *your* being happy, no one could marry you, and not be so. But I must say farewell,

"And remain, dear Rosamond,

"Your grateful cousin,

"CAPELL MARRIOTT."

It was just as Miss Marriott had finished

reading this the fourth time, when Miss Guerdon's note arrived; certain it is, she would have gone, but the measle story dismayed her; her mother died of the measles, and sir John would strongly disapprove *her* going where they were *raging*; therefore she declined the invitation immediately.

But now for the Guerdons again. They were seated in the carriage, sir Henry with his Fenelon, or at least Miss Marriott's Fenelon, in his pocket, dying for a peep; for some remarks, written in a female's hand, raised his curiosity.

Elizabeth drew a pamphlet from her ridicule, advised Amelia and sir Henry to talk, assured them she felt the *inconvenience* of *her* situation, and began reading.

A person advising two persons to talk is, in polite slang, borish. Sir Henry felt it so, however.

After a pause—"Did Miss Guerdon like both windows down?" he asked.

"Just as *you* please, sir Henry."

"I thought the cold——"

"Yes, it will be too cold certainly."

Sir Henry pulled them up, and was silent.

"The roads are very bad, I perceive," after another long pause.

"Very bad *indeed*;" and Amelia thought of the Houghton excursion.

"Ingoldsby, is it not we are now passing through, Miss Guerdon?"

"Yes; we don't go near Houghton though."

Sir Henry dared not smile, for Elizabeth fixed her eyes on him.

"There's general Watson's."

"And a lady on horseback; it looks like Miss Marriott," said sir Henry.

"Too tall for her; besides, she rides a black poney *always*."

Sir Henry let down the window, and Miss Guerdon applied her handkerchief to her mouth, as if in fear of cold, but he was too much engaged in looking at the lady equestrian to heed the manœuvre.

"Sir Henry, will you ask Willis to drive fast? we are full late."

Sir Henry complied, and by that means caught another view of the lady, who turned her head just as the carriage was passing her; it was the Marriott livery.—"It *is* Miss Marriott," said he, and the coachman stopped of his own accord.

Suppose all the how d'ye-do's over, and common compliments of the day, and suppose Miss Guerdon absolutely in agonies to get to the Margetsons in time, *alias*, to escape the measle story.

"I am very sorry we can't see you," said Amelia; "I am sorry too we have no time to chat now; but it's so unpleasant for you, and your poney is restive."

"I would have come, but your——"

"Oh, your poney! your poney!" screamed Amelia, in absolute agonies.

"Oh, I am not afraid—not the least; it is perfectly safe."

Miss Marriott, *unfortunately* for Miss Guerdon, was obliged to put aside her veil, for the benefit of looking at the title-page of the pamphlet Elizabeth was shewing her. Sir Henry then saw a counte-

nance with a great deal of mind and sweetness in it, and handsome as well. The morning air, the exercise of riding on horseback, did not materially injure its beauty.

"We must say good-morning indeed," said Amelia, in all the inquietude of jealousy.

"Good-morning then!" said Miss Marriott; "but stay, will you come to Houghton to-morrow evening?"

Amelia could not refuse; there was only a dull morning call in the way; she was obliged to assent, smiled on her *dear* Miss Marriott, begged sir Henry to close the window, and they separated.

Amelia began to *sound* him immediately,—"Miss Marriott is a *delightful* girl, sir Henry."

"Delightful is she? she seems pleasing, I think."

"She appears in a good temper too," remarked Elizabeth, "this morning."

"It is very seldom Miss Marriott is

otherwise," said Amelia, with an air of frankness.

Sir Henry, who saw through both ladies, absolutely forgot himself so far as to put his hand in his pocket for Fenelon.

Amelia pursued *her* game up closer.—"Don't you think Miss Marriott has a good understanding, sir Henry?"

"I have seen so little of her."

"True, but what little you have seen of her——"

"Convinces me she is a pleasing girl."

"A pleasing girl! well, and what do you mean by a *pleasing* girl, sir Henry?"

He laughed, and parried this interrogation for a moment.

"Ah! what do *you* mean by a *pleasing* girl?" inquired Elizabeth; "do you mean that she is always smiling, dances well, plays well, converses well, and coquettes well?"

"I never saw any coquetting *well*," said sir Henry."

"Indeed; then you never saw——"

"Elizabeth! be silent, pray; you shall not say a syllable against her; I know what you would infer."

"I don't mean Mr. Barclay," said Elizabeth; "I mean——"

"I know you don't; pray say no more."

Sir Henry heard this with apathetic indifference; he was aware Miss Marriott was no coquette. Barclay had told him some circumstances, which certainly were far enough off coquetry. No coquette would act as she had done to him; there was feeling, principle, and mind, in Miss Marriott's conduct to Mr. Barclay, which spoke for the goodness of her heart, and the generosity of her soul.

Barclay would have been a prize to any woman; he had fortune, good extraction, and a handsome person. If Miss Marriott had had any vanity, it would have been deeply gratified by retaining in her chains the handsome Barclay, of Okely Manor, who never entered the ball-room at G—— or at H——, but each mother or

father wished him to select *their* daughters for the dance—and perhaps not for the dance only!

Mr. Barclay esteemed, admired, and then loved Miss Marriott: he made her an offer, and was refused *decidedly**, but feelingly; it is the highest compliment a

*A downright *No!* will make a man despair,
Or leave for kinder nymph the cruel fair;
But "*No!* because I'm very happy now—
Because I dread th' irrevocable vow—
Because I fear papa will not approve—
Because I love not—no, I cannot love—
Because you men, of Cupid make a jest—
Because—in short, a single life is best."
A *No!* when backed by reasons of such force,
Invites approach, and will recede of course.
Crabbe's Tales of the Hall.

Hence our readers will perceive, we mean to infer Miss Marriott was one of those females whose hearts are too good to allow vanity to predominate; we mean by receiving the affections of a gentleman, and treating him in such an ambiguous way as Mr. Crabbe alludes to in the above lines, without any idea of absolutely *having him*, merely because they must have some one to the opera—to the park; as it is a gratification and a triumph to shew what beauty gains, or how many lovers they have won, and *who* they win; and we once heard a lady of rank, the countess of C———ne, say—"Catch birds were charming."

man can pay a woman, and the least she can do is to feel grateful for the preference he shews her.

CHAPTER IX.

A LETTER came from Oxford to say the ordination at B—— was at hand; the next that came said Capell was ordained, and the next that——But let us return to Houghton.

The party (we mean the family party at that mansion) gave sir Henry more opportunity of knowing Miss Marriott's character, habits, and disposition; she was animated, cheerful, and what he termed a *very* pleasing girl. He was the last man in the world to regard accomplishments, but he could not help remarking her singing was far sweeter than the Miss Guerdons, who had been *at it* from their cra-

dles—that she complied as soon as asked, and had no petty excuses of being "out of voice," &c. She drew well too, and "had attained that art from *that* cousin of hers," as the Miss Guerdons *indignantly* informed him, "who was going to marry their aunt, Honoria Weslyn."

Elizabeth commenced an attack on Edmond, laughed through her white teeth, and certainly enjoyed *her* evening. Not so her sister, who lost not a look of sir Henry, nor any expression which he directed to Miss Marriott, and she soon saw all hope was fled—for her however.

"I wish we could have seen you at Mr. Guerdon's yesterday," said sir Henry to Miss Marriott.

"I should have liked it, but Miss Guerdon's postscript frigh——"

"Oh, Heavens! oh, Elizabeth! the cramp in my foot! I shall die!" screamed Amelia.

"I hope not," said Miss Marriott; "lean on me—what shall I get you?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing—only lead me

to the marble step—any where. Oh! how painful—dreadful!"

Sir Henry offered his services—the cramp grew better, and order was restored; and as there were no more allusions made to the "measle story," Amelia managed to keep her serenity till the chariot came to the door for their return. Amelia looked round.—"Elizabeth, *your* arm; my foot is still painful—very painful."

Sir Henry was shaking hands with Miss Marriott. Sir John came forward.—"Will you accept an old man's, Miss Guerdon?"

Amelia smiled—a forced one though.—"With pleasure." And she wished the baronet any where but where he was.

Absolutely seated in the carriage—Edmond gone back to look for Elizabeth's ridicule—two minutes, at *least* two minutes, elapsed, and no sir Henry.

"Where *can* sir Henry be?" said Amelia, in no very conciliating tone.

"He's looking for some music he wishes to copy of my sister's," said Edmond.

Amelia saw no *good* result from this.

"What song, I wonder?"

"The Water King, I believe," said Edmond.

"*We* have that—why we sung it to sir Henry yesterday; it is strange he should forget."

"Strange indeed," said Edmond, half-smiling.

Sir Henry appeared with a roll of music in his hand, apologized for detaining the ladies so long, stepped into the carriage, and they drove off.

"Well, what do you think of Miss Marriott now?" inquired Amelia, with great command of voice.

"As to personal beauty do you mean, Miss Guerdon?"

"Every way—mental, personal, and so on."

"I think her, as you say, a delightful young woman; and certainly to-night she looked very handsome."

"I must think her roses were put on too low," said Elizabeth.

"No, she looked sweetly," said Amelia, inimitably, obliged to keep up the finesse she had begun.

"A great deal of mind in her countenance," said sir Henry, warmly.

Amelia assented faintly; aware she had overplayed her part, aware she had increased the very thing she meant to check, she felt a strong desire to recede from what she *had* said.

"I think," added sir Henry, "*you* always liked Miss Marriott, Miss Guerdon; you said——"

Amelia dared not to hesitate, and said firmly—"Yes."

"I never did," said Elizabeth.

"But *you*, you know, say you are extreme in hating and in loving, Miss Elizabeth, and do not always (so you said) love those who deserve it."

"I did; but Miss Marriott is—in fact, in one word I do not admire her; she has no heart—no mind—at least, according to *my* ideas; she is apathetic to a degree too."

"And now, Miss Guerdon, your opinion on Miss Marriott?" said sir Henry.

"Mine—excuse me—I really cannot give an opinion on her; like Elizabeth, I esteem many who are not perhaps worthy, that is, altogether de——"

"But of course Miss Marriott is not of that number," said sir Henry, quickly; "no one *can* dislike *her*."

"*I* like her," said Amelia, drily, remarking the warmth of her companion's manner; "she pleased me when I first saw her; not but what I have often been laughed at for my friendship, after all that has been said, and after all that has really passed. Perhaps I ought not to regard her as I do, but if I once love a person, I love them for ever."

"I am to understand then you seriously regard Miss Marriott against your better reason, Miss Guerdon?"

"Excuse me."

"No, I will not excuse you," said sir Henry, assuming a gayer tone.

"You must—you will when you know I have a headache."

Sir Henry would be sorry to press the subject any further if it gave Miss Guerdon more pain, and so the conversation terminated.

"He is on the rack," thought Amelia, but it was no such thing: sir Henry's own penetration was sufficient to convince him of the game the Miss Guerdons were playing. He was not in love with Miss Marriott, but he saw what he had never *before* seen—the woman calculated to make him happy; and he saw various *manœuvres*, hints, &c. which *were* to draw him from her. Need we say he saw the littleness and narrow-mindedness of the two ladies, and despised it?

Sir Henry wished to be loved for his own sake. He thought Miss Marriott had that sincerity of manner which promised (if he *could* gain her affections) that she would. Manners go a great way with some, and hers were of that generous

frank cast he admired. His friends were all advising him to marry too; he had seen many unhappy matches: there was Mr. B—— and his lady, own cousins to sir Henry, very unhappy; *yet they married for love:* there was fortune, beauty, and a propriety of ages; they had children fair and young. Why was it then?

There was lord M——t, who married his lady entirely for her understanding, and talents, and literary accomplishments. Perhaps that was no great wonder, they were so unhappy. But Mr. and Mrs. B—— every body wondered! Sir Henry, who visited them, saw a cold austerity on the part of the husband, and a sort of haughty caprice on the part of the wife. Yet in the days of courtship, who so pleasing, or so frank, as Louisa, or so complying as Mr. B——? The fact was, each wore a mask before they married; each, as soon as fettered, threw it aside. The wife found the husband had faults: soon the husband found the wife *had* faults. Of an evening she testified no

pleasure in playing to him, or amusing him. He was a professional man, and wanted, in his hours of relaxation, some relief—some cheerfulness. She should have known when to amuse him, and when to be silent. In general his reception was—"Oh, you are come at last!" and generally she went on with her book, without troubling herself any further: he could read himself if he wanted amusement.

He bore this in silence for a time, then remonstrated: remonstrance was vain; the lady discovered she was self-willed, and obstinate, and *would* do as she pleased. All the "*angel*" gradually disappeared: rapidly Mr. B—— assumed *his* natural character—the lady hers: he went after his pursuits with listlessness—returned to his home without pleasure. In days of courtship, Miss Louisa had often been seen *retiring* with a book (no matter what, good reader). In days of courtship, Miss Louisa played the piano to please, *alias attract*, her lover. The fish was caught;

there was now no longer any occasion for finesse, and they were *very* unhappy. Yet every body *wondered*, and pondered what it was that made two persons miserable, who married for love, and love alone.

Sir Henry saw much to condemn on both sides: certainly the lady *was* the worst; she ought to have *tried* to conciliate: a man looks for some attention from his wife, if he *is* ill-tempered and inconsistent. He has many things to distress him, many things to perplex him, so thought Mr. B——. "Louisa is changed," he said, "totally changed; she never amuses me, nor converses with me: if I go out, if I return wearied and tired, it is just the same; there is no difference made."

Sir Henry, to whom he made this remark, was silent.—"I have many fatigues, and many crosses; but she thinks nothing of them:" and at last he summed up his harangue with—"Philipson, if you have a mind to be comfortable, *never marry*."

On the other hand, Mrs. B—— assailed

sir Henry.—"Did you see with what an air B—— took his coffee this morning, and how silent he is? he always serves me thus: he is quite an altered man, I assure you: he never asks me to ride with him, or walk with him, and always complains of my silence: what *should* I talk about? I go nowhere, nor see nobody, and he certainly is very cold-hearted. He forgets how he promised I should never be thwarted in my wishes, yet I declare I have nothing my own way. If you were a woman, sir Henry, I should say, *never marry*."

Sir Henry heard all these animadversions, had sense enough to see where their unhappiness consisted, and would endeavour to shun it, if possible: this he determined!—"Take care of the women!" said Mr. B—— to him, when he left their house: "they will deceive you—Louisa, for instance: Philipson, *don't* marry."

And yet sir Henry thought of it, and wished it; and when he could meet with a woman whom *he* could respect, esteem,

love, and so forth, the die should be cast: it was sufficient he *had* met with her in the form of Miss Marriott: first he began by friendship; that gradually became love: sir Henry went no further: he did not, could not idolize, not even any one—not *even* Miss Marriott: he was not the kind of man.

When we say sir Henry "was not the kind of man to idolize," we by no means wish to infer he was deficient in feeling the passion of love. To idolize is very different from loving: it is one degree further, to be sure: it may say a *great deal* for the heart, but a *very little* for the understanding.

Whether there are no angels, or goddesses, or what not, certain it is, idolatry is not fit for these ages: this is our opinion—others may differ from us.

Now sir Henry's seat was twenty *long* miles from Houghton Hall—yes, *long* miles, and bad roads, and winter did not improve them. But what of these bagatelles or obstacles! there was *famous*

shooting at Houghton, capital game, and sir Henry found his way there very often after his return from Mr. Guerdon's.

A rumour prevailed he was an accepted swain; that sir John approved; that the marriage dresses were bespoke; that sir Henry's house was new furnished, entirely under the direction of Miss Marriott—wedding symptoms!

"Confirmation strong," every body thought. Every body *may* be mistaken sometimes. The Miss Guerdons were interrogated as to these reports.—"They believed," they said, "there might be *some* truth in them: *they* thought, however, if the marriage *did* take place, it would not be a *very* happy one: they *hoped* it would *though*, most fervently."

CHAPTER X.

To return to facts. A woman is delicately situated when she sees a man loves her, and has not heard him breathe a syllable which she may encourage or refute. If she means to *reject*, she wants him to propose, that she may end his pain and suspense; that she may also convince him he has nothing to hope. On the other hand, if she means to *accept*, for her own heart's welfare she wishes him to declare his sentiments, that she may be certain of her own happiness, and so forth.

Miss Marriott saw, or thought she saw, sir Henry was attached to her; she wished him to declare his sentiments, not indirectly, but plainly to her. She saw too he was an amiable man, and her father knew he was a rich one. Sir Henry sought a conversation with the baronet. Sir Henry

was seen emerging from the library, not with a surprised countenance, but a pleased one: sir John followed, gratified, satisfied, and so on.

No; Miss Marriott was not in the drawing-room, nor on the terrace, nor in the greenhouse. Sir Henry dashed off to the park: no, not there neither—not in her favourite elm-walk. This would be madness and distraction to some. Sir Henry returned to Houghton, not raving, but calm, certainly unsettled, in a state of suspense, wearying, and uncomfortable.

Now was the time to be rejected or accepted. He thought, as he sat in the breakfast-parlour, of all that had passed (was there ever a lover, a real lover, without fear? we think not): if Miss Marriott refused him, there was not one instance in which he could accuse her of coquetry: she had treated him always as a friend, with frankness—had met him with pleasure, whenever he came to Houghton, and seemed to enjoy his conversation: to be sure, when analysed, this was far enough

off love; but still hope (and love never existed without, we declare) seemed to whisper there was certainly great encouragement for him: whether there was any thing peculiar in her manner of greeting him—whether her smiles were more pleasing to him than any one else, we know not; sir Henry Philipson had hopes, palpable, strong, and delightful! He had fears too, for he felt he was not *quite* sure.

Sir Henry heard a well-known footstep, and coloured all over his forehead; for Miss Marriott entered the breakfast-room for a book she had left there, said something on the fineness of the morning, and was quitting it again.—"If I might ask," said sir Henry, "I wished," and Miss Marriott stopped, "for a few moments conversation with you."

He never felt so awkward in his life; he placed a chair for Rosamond, and closed the door—looked twice round, to see if they were really alone. A pause took place. Sir Henry felt his whole happiness was at stake; his hopes vanished

away one by one. Miss Marriott saw he was paler than usual, and appeared agitated; so much so, that she thought the eventful moment *was* arrived at last.

"I have had some conversation with sir John," said sir Henry; "I hoped, and do still hope, possibly presumptuously, that it will meet with your concurrence."

Sir Henry could have wished to have seen something indicative of pleasure on Miss Marriott's face: he did not look for a smile, or signs of *joy*; but she coloured intensely, nay violently, and did not immediately speak. He dared not augur *much* from her manner—it might be agitation—she might be surprised; but there were tears! people do *sometimes* weep for joy!

The door opened, and Edmond came in, inopportunely enough.—"Philipson, where is your shot-bag?"

"My bag? somewhere in the hall, I think: ask James; he took my gun, sir."

"Come, then, we shall lose half the morning: I have been looking for *you*."

"I will *follow* you in a few minutes."

"Follow! no, come now: I told Peterson we would call on him at eleven, and it is now full that."

Sir Henry looked at Miss Marriott, but did not attempt to rise from his chair.

"I suppose I must go without you," said Edmond, seeing that his gun was on half-cock.

"I wish you would this morning: excuse me, indeed."

"This devil of a fellow! why, Philipson, look here! it's not half cleaned," said Edmond: "who is *your* gunsmith?"

"Haller, I think."

"Haller! why Haller made me a double-barrelled one: it would not carry at all. Then you cannot go?"

"I am not inclined this morning."

Sir Henry turned to Miss Marriott and smiled; and at that moment Edmond supposed, surmised, and imagined what was going on, and that his presence might be very well dispensed with.

Again they were alone. Miss Marriott

had taken her hat off, and to sir Henry she never appeared more lovely: it was not because she smiled, for not one smile dwelt on her face—not one symptom of gratification, nor of pleasure; she was pale, calm, and silent.

Sir Henry then spoke.—"Perhaps Miss Marriott feels aware of what I am going to communicate. You are not one of those who would trifle with my feelings."

"Trifle! oh, no!" and had she been able to have spoken, she would have said much more.

Sir Henry went home to the point.—"My esteem, my affection, my happiness, is in——" he stopped, "your——"

"This preference distresses me," she said quickly—"distresses me much, sir Henry."

"Distresses! then I am answered: it is an answer afflictive, yet kind;" and he felt much agitated: "you have given me as little pain as possible; yet it is much like yourself—better now than later."

Rosamond felt her tears flow; sir Henry saw them, and for a moment his passion made him misinterpret them; he ventured to speak of "time," of "long perseverance."

Still there was no hope: Rosamond spoke decidedly, yet feelingly: there was nothing to be hoped from time.—"For all that has passed, sir Henry, believe me, I am truly grateful."

"I may then hope for your friendship, Miss Marriott," he said.

"It is dangerous; but you will find it difficult, after having esteemed me as you have."

"Yes, yes; I understand all you would say: it will be difficult—it will be painful to cease to esteem you." He would have added more, but the Guerdons' carriage was driving up the park, and he merely said—"Miss Marriott, your hand: now, farewell, for ever!" and he let it go, and closed the door of the room.

"Philipson, you will stay dinner," said sir John, as he met sir Henry in the hall.

"*Unhappily*, sir, (and *unhappily* was no word of course), to-day I cannot, I thank you."

Sir John turned round on hearing the door of the breakfast-room open; he then need ask no questions; he did not press sir Henry, but learned, from his daughter's countenance, as well as sir Henry's manner, that Rosamond would never be lady Philipson, nor sir Henry his son-in-law.

"Oh, positively we heard the marriage was to take place as next week," said Miss Amelia Guerdon to Rosamond, "and you deny it! well, seriously, I began to believe it."

"I never did," said Elizabeth: "I never thought (you know, Miss Marriott, I always speak what I think) that *you* were the kind of woman to please sir Henry—I mean sufficiently to be lady Philipson."

Rosamond coloured, but was proof against even this adroit remark.

"You know he abhors—detests a lively woman; and you *are* lively, at least were

so, excuse me. The world calls me odd, because I speak truth; but sir Henry found his visit at *our* house miserable, I am sure, because we were a little cheerful: you have seen a great deal of him lately, shooting with your brother, I think?"

"Yes."

"He is really amiable."

"Very," said Rosamond, both warmly and firmly.

"But not a marrying man altogether," and Elizabeth looked scrutinizingly at her —"not the kind of man ever to make an offer, I think."

"That is my opinion," rejoined Amelia; "what says Miss Marriott?"

"I have—that is, I can give no opinion."

"Confess now he has flirted with you a little," said Elizabeth, laughingly.

"No, he never flirted with me, indeed."

"Well then, coquetted; and that is worse."

"No, nor coquetted," said Rosamond, rather proudly; "his heart is too good, too generous, to coquet."

"Too good, too generous! oh, lady Philipson, how are you?"

"Not lady Philipson, nor ever shall be."

"*Will* be perhaps, Miss Marriott."

Rosamond was silent—proudly silent.

"Well, you will expel those odious virandas, and make the dining-room larger; and do have a fire, or flue, in that miserable large hall; and make sir Henry build new lodges—and then a wedding-ball! oh, delightful!"

Rosamond felt too much even to smile at this flippancy: she was not at all inclined to be gay, nor yet "agreeable," the Miss Guerdons thought; so they rose to go.

"How is your cousin, Mr. Capell, and ——" said Elizabeth.

"Quite well: Edmond heard yesterday," interrupted Rosamond, quickly.

"I declare I am——" and again Elizabeth was interrupted with—

"The carriage at the door, ladies."—And with gracious smiles, and promises of seeing

Rosamond again soon, and enjoying her dear society, they stepped into the carriage.

The door was shut.—"Well, do you believe they are engaged?" said Amelia.

"No."

"I *sounded* well, did I not?"

"Not so well as I did: how she blushed! she is not half so handsome as she was—got so very thin too, and wears blue, so hideously unbecoming to her!"

This tale of wearing blue, and being unbecoming, brought on the history of Miss Le Grande, who absolutely lost a husband by sporting that colour at an election-ball. Now we don't wish to weary our readers by detailing this momentous circumstance minutely: we will only state Miss Le Grande's father was a Whig, and Mr. —— a Tory, therefore they could not agree. It seems Mr. Le Grande, seized with a *cacoëthes scribendi*, wrote a lampoon on Mr. —— at the election, in which mention was made of a block and a head: we rather think Mr. Le Grande

joined those two aforesaid substantives together, which being levelled at Mr. ——, he felt the satire most keenly, and waged a paper war with Mr. Le Grande.

Letters passed, and squibs, and satires, till each gentleman had nothing left to say: so they were in danger of treading all the same hackneyed round over again, when a friend invited the two to dine; and to the amazement of every body, they shook hands. Now whether there was any truth in Mr. Le Grande's plying Mr. —— with wine, madeira, port, or what not, and *bargaining* with him for a piece of land, we know not: certain it is, Mr. —— became a visitor at Le Grande Place, and smiled on the daughter. Mr. Le Grande changed his principles, and became as hot a ministerial man as —— and ——, both of whom our readers are well acquainted with.

The second election-ball drew near: green and orange was the ministerial colour; but Miss Le Grande having quar-

relled with her papa, we believe something about a ball-dress, or head-dress, appeared in the colour of the opposite party, a blue—a palpable bright blue, on the ball-night.

Mr. —— was so indignant, he never looked favourably on the damsel again; and Mr. Le Grande vowed, in the rage of his heart, he would not allow her a farthing for the rest of the year.

So Miss Le Grande lost her husband by a dress *. Forgive this digression, reader.

"Miss Marriott is a proud girl," said Elizabeth.

"Something sincere about her too: not that I much admire her," said Amelia.

"I tell you what I think; she *wishes* us to believe sir Henry made her an offer."

"Well, it struck me so; because she evaded my question when I said—'What says Miss Marriott?"

"She pines herself to death for Capell: Our aunt Honoria, I cannot help thinking

* And Miss T——d by a *waltz!*

of *her*; we must call on them when they come down to Ingoldsby."

"I don't believe it *is* Capell she likes; I think her ambitious."

"Oh, I know who you mean; *he* certainly is not a marrying man: I am thinking of young Clarence."

"So am I."

"Well, time will discover: we shall see!"

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Capell left Houghton Hall, he went to Oxford to see his future bride: he tried to think her amiable; he tried to imagine himself happy at Ingoldsby with her. She was at her uncle the dean's, and thither he went, ideas passing in his mind of no pleasing nature; yet he struggled to look calm and comfortable.

Miss Weslyn was at home, and de-

scended in five minutes to see him, trying to look young; and all that rouge, pearl powder, and cosmetics could do, dwelt upon her face—a face not ugly, but certainly not pleasing.

We *must* pass over *these* love scenes. Capell staid till not a word would befriend him: books, fashions, the weather, and absence, had all been canvassed.—"You read, I know," said Capell, feeling a miserable inclination to yawn.

"A little—a very little;" and the lady threw the sofa cushion carelessly over some volumes—merely to rest herself though.

"Yes, more than a little. I know you are conversant in modern poetry." It is true, Miss Weslyn had mentioned Byron, Scott, and a hundred others—nay, sometimes had ventured an opinion on them; but her lover's remark disconcerted her.

"Believe me, I read very little: what I do see is choice, to be sure; but I dare venture no opinion to *you*."

"Yes, you should venture one to me: when we are at Ingoldsby, we must read

a great deal: Ingoldsby is very retired."

The lady sighed, and the lover sighed deeply.—"Is there no one to visit besides my——besides the Miss Guerdons?"

"Yes;" and Capell felt repugnant to say it: "my cousin, Miss Marriott, a sweet girl."

"Pretty?"

"Yes."

Miss Weslyn inquired the colour of her eyes, hair—whether she was tall or short? Capell walked about, answering chiefly in monosyllables, till Miss Weslyn was summoned to her milliner: as he staid at the dean's to dine, she left him, promising to be back in a few minutes.

The young lover walked about, and sighed, and yawned: at last he threw himself on the sofa, and knocked down the pillow: some books laid there; to amuse himself, he opened one of them, and saw the title of a volume no woman ought to read—an immoral, not to say licentious work: he turned to the titlepage again, to see who was the owner, and perceived

"Honoria Weslyn" written on it: he glanced at the others; they were also mere common trash. He sighed again.—"I hoped to have found her mind pure at least," he said to himself; "being older than myself, I *could* have borne—but I will not marry a woman whose heart——"

Miss Weslyn entered. Capell had replaced the books.—"Have you ever read Miss Edgeworth's Patronage?" he inquired.

"Oh yes."

"And the Cypher, or Town Intrigues?"

The lady, apprehending all was safe under the sofa cushion, just glanced at it, and replied—"Never."

Capell's brow grew troubled—not altogether troubled either—if any thing, he was glad of some excuse to break with her: he was not a hot-headed young man, and therefore said no more, changed the conversation, and the day passed off well. —"I cannot marry her," he said, as he was alone in his room at the hotel: "I cannot marry her, vain, weak, foolish!

no, it must not, cannot be: to give up all that is fair, all that is good, blasting my prospects and happiness for ever, for a woman with no heart!"

But then his debts! how were they to be paid? No; marry her he must.

He was ordained, and Miss Weslyn was, in imagination, computing how many pearl hoops would deck her fingers when she was Mrs. Capell Marriott. Ingoldsby began to be repaired, all things were in a ripe train for the marriage, when Capell was taken ill—merely a cold, then a cough, just a slight one, he said; no real affection of the lungs—it would soon go off.

The dean insisted on his making his house his home. Miss Weslyn pressed him and entreated; at last he consented to become their inmate. We should have said the nuptial day had been named; but on the day he was to have been married, he was too ill to be spoken to; the next day he was better, and on the next he relapsed again.

Capell thought he would write to his uncle, sir John, just to tell him he was ill, and his marriage delayed: he asked for a pen, but could not hold it; and he found he was much worse than he thought he was.

The dean made him have the best advice, the ablest physicians: even Miss Weslyn began to *look* alarmed: the pearl hoops, Mrs. Capell Marriott, Ingoldsby, all seemed fading away; what was to be done? Thus a month passed, but Capell walked out, and seemed better in health, but worse in spirits.

"I think I am dying," he said to the dean one morning.

"Dying! no," said the dean, folding up his newspaper.

"I am in a decline: if I thought I was dying, I would prepare."

"Prepare then," said the dean, feelingly. "In the midst of life, Capell, we——"

"Yes, I know," said Capell—"I know what you would say, but——"

"But what?"

"*Am* I dying? I am ill, I know—*very* ill."

"It is my duty to tell you, as you wish it: your disorder is considered a decline"

Capell turned pale, though he expected this reply.—"Then I would wish to see Miss Weslyn;" and Miss Weslyn was summoned, and the dean left the room.

"I feel myself so ill to-day," he began.

Miss Weslyn was ready with one of her sorrowful "indeeds," and pathetic looks.

"*You* know I cannot live: you also know—must know, I never loved you."

The lady burst into tears; from what motive, or which, we know not.

"My cousin Rosamond! but—will you write to her—no, to sir John, and tell him I wish to see him and Edmond, and if she——but you *will* write?"

Miss Weslyn seemed inclined to go into hysterics: she however managed to draw a writing-desk to her with—"What shall I say?"

"Oh, a great deal: say I am ill, that I

wish to see them; but I really think I could write to-day."

He tried, but the pen made unintelligible marks—"Now I find I am dying: well, I submit: I am young; but, *dear* Miss Weslyn, write I wish to see them all once more."

Miss Weslyn, alternately glancing at Capell and at her own fair hand, began as he dictated, thinking he was no more near dying than she was:—"My dear uncle and cousins, I am very ill at my good friend's, the dean of ——, at Oxford, and shall be glad to see you."

"You had better say Miss Weslyn writes this, had you not?" inquired the bride-elect.

"No;" and there was much feeling connected with that "no."

"I hope you will not delay coming; though I have the tenderest care taken of me, yet I wish to see you again. As the dean knows you well, my dear uncle, he will have pleasure in meeting you."

"What a stupid letter!" said Capell; "but I cannot compose a better; *they* wont find fault with it."

"Oh no;" and Miss Weslyn signed his name, and folded it up.

"Now to the post with it."

Miss Weslyn rang the bell, and the servant appeared; but then she remembered she had a few lines to say to Miss La Grande, and the man could take both epistles together to the office: she retired to pen the letter she meant to send, and Capell remained alone in the room.

The dean was coming down from the library, and not altogether comprehending how his niece could be so happy-looking, when the man she was going to marry for *love* was dying in the house, he stopped her—"Marriott is *very* ill, Honoria."

"So *he* thinks;" and the lady paused.

"And all of us—Dr. Berkely says, there is not much—in fact, *no* hope."

Miss Weslyn was rouged; perchance, if she had not been so, no one would have

remarked emotion.—"Ah! but he looks so well to-day, sir, and doctor Berkely is——"

"I tell you, Honoria, he is *very* ill—so ill that *I* think he wont live."

Miss Weslyn's engaged ring fell down the stairs; for she kept twisting and turning it round as the dean spoke—half startled, half mortified; for somehow she thought her uncle seemed vexed with her for not being affected.—"If I thought he was dying, sir——"

"If you thought! why, he is dying, and his friends shall be informed of it."

Miss Weslyn now felt obliged to shew the letter she had in her hand for sir John Marriott.

"Let it go to the post *directly*," said the dean, and *he* went immediately to Capell; for what purpose we leave the reader to guess.

Two days passed on: Capell was so ill, Miss Weslyn *absolutely* gave up visiting, and attended him very kindly, very ten-

derly, for *her!* On the evening of the second day, a servant brought in some letters.—"There's one for me, I *hope*," said the invalid.

The dean looked at the addresses, and felt pained to say—"No; none."

"Then they wont come," and he said not another word for some minutes: "if they come to-morrow, I shall not be here."

Miss Weslyn applied her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I thought my uncle would have come: Edmond might: Rosamond I *did* not expect much; though——but I must submit."

"It is not so late yet, but that they may come to-night," said the dean.

Capell looked at his watch silently, and then turning to Miss Weslyn, he said—"You have been very kind to me—more than I deserved."

Miss Weslyn was in hysterics in a moment, and was carried out of the room.

"It is half-past eight, and they are not come."

"The mail comes in at nine," said the dean: "sir John sometimes travels in that."

"Yes;" and Capell felt there were *others* he wished to see, besides sir John, who never travelled in a vehicle of that kind.

The guard's horn was heard just as the church clock struck nine.—"There," said the dean, "listen!"

The mail rolled to the door, and rolled away, but never stopped.—"No; he wont come now;" and Capell leaned back on the sofa: "some one might have written or come before now—not *before* either —but to-night they might."

"Another hope," said the dean: "there is the blue coach at ten, comes through Ingoldsby and Houghton."

Capell referred to his watch—"It now wants twenty-five minutes, sir: your family prayer, I interrupt it: this is the hour you generally read it."

"No, you shall be no interruption;"

and in a few minutes the dean and his servants were on their knees.

We pass over the succeeding time till ten. The blue coach stopped. The dean threw open the sash, for *he* began to be anxious.—"Any gentleman there coming to my house?"

"No, sir; an outside passenger dropped his hat, that's all, sir;" and the coach rattles off again.

"Sir, receive my sincere, my heartfelt thanks for all."

"Do not talk, my good young friend."

"Sir, I must tell you, I cannot die comfortable without saying how much I have felt all your attentions and kindnesses: every thing has been done for me that could be done; but I must go. I wish my uncle would pay my debts, then I *think* I could die happy."

The dean knew of these lamentable debts, and, in a disturbed tone, he said—"Die happy then, my dear Capell; they shall be paid. Wont you wish to see Honoria?"

The invalid, lingeringly, said—"Yes."

Answer came, that Miss Weslyn was still in hysterics.

About eleven, a postchaise and four drove furiously up the street, and stopped at the dean's. One of the postilions let down the steps, and a servant of the dean's answered the bell, and opened the street-door. A lady spoke from the carriage window.—"Mr. Capell Marriott better?"

"Mr. Marriott, ma'am, died half an hour ago!"

CHAPTER XII.

NEED we say sir John and his daughter arrived too late to see Capell alive? Supposing then that Capell was laid in the family vault of the Marriotts at Houghton—that sir John and Rosamond followed the hearse as mourners; supposing that Miss Weslyn, after *due* grief for her lover's loss was over, inquired whether it would not be interesting to wear weeds—widows' weeds, and band her hair? supposing all this, we leave time to bear on for six long months, without once giving an account of the incidents which took place in its course: if we are capricious, so be it.

Aunt Honoria, as the Guerdons *gloriously* called her, by dint of smiles and paint, with also her ten thousand pounds, had procured another adorer. The dean objected strongly, very strongly, to the match.

Miss Weslyn was no girl: could she never be allowed to judge for herself?

No; not if she meant to be ridiculous.

Oh, she saw—saw through the whole: the dean found she was necessary to his comforts.

He did; but did he object to *poor* Capell Marriott?

No; not exactly object; but he mentioned difference of ages.

True; he feared only for her unhappiness, or rather her happiness.

But he always spoke of Capell so highly.

Yes; but still they might have been unhappy.

Well, to be resolute, she would be married. The dean perceived that was her intention, much as he disliked Mr. B——; therefore he would marry them, and so he did.

And now what can, or what could be expected from a marriage of twenty-eight and thirty-nine?

One evening at the fireside will be sufficient.

"My uncle looked very well to-day," said Mrs. B——.

"*I* thought he never looked *worse*, madam," replied Mr. B——.

"Oh! *I* knew you would think differently to me, because I merely had the chickens roasted; the dean prefers them roasted."

"Very likely, madam."

"Well, *sir*, and it is my duty to consult his inclinations."

"It is a pity," said Mr. B——, bitterly, "you did not *always* consult his inclinations, madam."

"Why, sir, if I had, I should never have married you."

"I know it: then don't talk of your *duty!* and as to the chickens, it was only because *I* desired them to be boiled, that you opposed me."

"Oppose! why, my uncle——"

"Your uncle!"

And Mrs. B—— found she must not go over *that* ground again.—"Well, sir, the dean *does* look well."

"I say he does *not*."

"Who opposes now?"

"I do; and I will oppose: I shall say, act, and have any opinion *I* please! and to-morrow, mark me, we have boiled chickens; or you may remain here whilst I go to town."

And is not this enough of unequal marriages? Truly we think so. Reader, hast thou ever seen two grey hound puppies coupled together—how they writhe, and run, and pull against each other? We have brought thee a simile; now make the comparison.

Sir Henry somehow once more became a visitor at Houghton; and whether Miss Marriott's heart changed, or whether she wished to be lady Philipson, and alter the virandas, and the old hall, or whether she really loved Capell (which made her refuse sir Henry whilst he lived), we know not: certain it is, sir Henry took it in his head, that she seemed to esteem him, and regard him in a manner peculiarly pleasing to his heart and feelings.

In spite of Paston Manor joining sir Henry's estate; in spite of all Miss Guerdon could say, hint, or do, the *coquette*, Miss Marriott, seemed inclined to be the young baronet's lady; and what was more, absolutely the mansion-house *was* going to be thoroughly new-furnished: for Mr. L——, who told the Miss Guerdons, saw the decorator and paper-hangers, and *talked* with them: and the dining-room was to be hung with buff satin, and curtains of the same, relieved with blue; and——

"But *we* don't want to hear their plans," said Elizabeth, "Mr. L——."

"Very likely; but I must tell you, the day is fixed."

"Fixed! I never *will* believe it."

"But it is: Thursday week: there's a new landau just gone home to sir Henry's too, and a new pair of black horses to match those he used to drive in his father's chariot: he means to dash away with four: and I hear Miss Marriott—lady Philipson that is to be—has had a new set of turquoise from her lover."

"Idle!"

"Idle! why it is all true, Miss Elizabeth."

"And what is the bride's dress to be? you seem to know every thing."

"Something white; satin I think; but *that* I don't exactly know."

Elizabeth laughed, merely to hide her narrow-minded chagrin.—"Well, we shall see; but *I* don't believe they are engaged."

"I do: I met them not half an hour since walking together, and *I* am very much mistaken if they are not."

It happened on the Friday week morning, this very Mr. L—— was at breakfast with the Guerdons, and with some little degree of triumph he pointed to the first marriage in the paper, with—"there, you see I *am* right."

'Yesterday morning were married at Houghton Hall, sir Henry Philipson, bart. to Rosamond, only daughter of sir John Marriott, bart. of the former place.'

We generally find heroes and heroines left at the "summit of connubial bliss."

Now, that said mountain being very slippery, we have wisely left ours to ascend; and if they reach the top and grow dizzy, it is no fault of ours. Seriously, we leave Rosamond—we beg pardon—sir Henry and lady Philipson, with good hearts, good understandings, and good fortunes: now, if *they* are unhappy, it is in vain looking for happiness upon earth!

P.S. The Miss Guerdons are the Miss Guerdons still!

A TALE

FROM

COMMON LIFE;

OR THE

EVANGELICAL CLERGYMAN.

"The proper study of mankind is Man."——POPE.

PREFACE.

Now the hardest thing in the world is to be able to write so as to please every body—the gloomy —the gay—the splenetic—the good-natured—the old—the young—the sympathetic—the person of nature—the gay miss in her teens—the miss of sober years—the bachelor—the married man—the wife—the widow—all—all expect to take up a novel, and be pleased. If the tale be sorrowful, the gay wont like it—if it be gay, the grave wont like it—if it is on politics, the ladies wont understand it. So we must vary the scenes, the characters, and the personages—so that we must do as the puppet-show man does, have a sombre, melancholy view—and then pull the string, and give one all life and cheerfulness. We will endeavour to keep in the path of Nature, *and not take a tour to the clouds. We don't by any means wish to be* semper idem; *for we positively declare we are fond of variety, and should die with the vapours if we were.*

A TALE FROM COMMON LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

The Mail.

"COACHMAN! there are four boxes, two band-boxes, and a ridicule; take care of 'em: here, here! I can take the umbrella inside. Billy, child, tie your handkerchief round your neck; colds are sooner caught than got rid of; like money, that's soon spent, and not easily got. Sir, you really must move; I will have room—beg pardon—but here's my Nancy just going home from school, and she can't ride backwards, damme!"

A young gentleman, of a clerical look, immediately, without speaking, seated himself on the opposite side, giving Miss

Nancy his place. Billy was tucked in beside his papa, the bandboxes, bundles, and portmanteaux "stowed" safely in the boot, the windows drawn up, the coachman slashed his steeds, and off they drove.—"It's a d—d fine morning," said the squire, by way of a beginning.—"It's a d—d fine morning, a'n't it, sir? b—t me!"

The young clergyman replied—"It is a very fine morning, sir, and at this time of the year we do not always look for such delightful weather."

"D—d bad roads though," said the squire—"b—tedly bad."

"Rather indifferent indeed, sir."

"Of the cloth, I presume?" said the squire, facetiously eyeing the young clergyman, after a pause.

"Yes, sir."——A long pause.

"You shoot, sir?"

"A little."

"This d—d"—*weather* he would have added; but on seeing the young clergyman take out a book, he never ended his sentence at all, but endeavoured to as-

certain the title, that he might *smoke* him: for of all things in the world, it was squire Brady's highest fun to make game of parsons, because *he* was a *freethinker* *.

"A sermon, I suppose?" after a long silence.

"No, sir: 'Waverley."

"Waverly: oh, ah! Waverley: 'tis a religious sort of thing, a'n't it, sir?" said the squire, with an air a man always has when he *thinks* he is right.

"No, sir, not at all religious; it is a novel."

"A novel! then don't let Nancy see it. Novels! why I thought par——clergymen never read novels: one would think, sir, that——"

"They might find something better worth reading," rejoined the young clergyman, smiling.

"Why yes, sir, I fancy they might."

"Your remark may be just, sir;" and the young man went on reading; for one

* Not in the real sense of the word.

always feels privileged to do as one pleases in a stage-coach, particularly if one has disagreeable companions.

Even the all-charming fiction of Waverley could not deafen the ears of Mr. Ellmer, the young clergyman, from hearing the various remarks of squire Brady:—it was d—d hot, d—d cold, and the coach was d—d small, and it was d—d disagreeable travelling. Maybe to prevent his companion from "oathing it" any more, the young man put aside his book, and endeavoured to converse. The squire literally had but little to say for himself, and Mr. Ellmer found the chat flag miserably; by chance he put his hand into his pocket, and felt a newspaper; this assisted him wonderfully, for he gave it to the squire to amuse him, and again went on with his novel, Waverley, with deep attention.

"Oh, that dunce! what fools they put into the pulpit now!" said the squire—"Heffield's son—who should have thought of his getting a living, and a good one too—the living of Pentonville?"

The young man changed colour—"Pentonville, sir?"

"Yes, sir, as plain as the nose on your face—Pentonville," returned the squire.

"The very one I was going to solicit; in fact, it was half promised me," said the clergyman, calmly; yet it was evident he was very much disappointed and hurt.

"What, did you depend on a *half*-promise?" said the squire, with a laugh; "and I suppose you have come your journey for nothing? Holloa, Mr. Parson! you wanted a little foresight, a little worldly forecast, as *we* sinners say."

"In truth, sir, I did want, I confess, *some* forecast, for——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the squire; "parsons don't know every thing. And so you have come of a fool's errand, after all?"

"If you please to term it so, sir," returned the young man, rather proudly. "One consolation is, I can go to see my sister and mother; they are at Pentonville—so I shall have *that* pleasure."

"Ay, sir, but my belief is, you would have had much more, if you could have jumped into this good fat living."

"Undoubtedly, sir, I should."

"Oh ho! you do love worldly interest then?" said the squire. He was prepared for a refutation of what he advanced.

"Money, sir, gives us the power of doing good, and——"

"Having a bottle of wine now and then, and keeping a famous good table," said the squire, with a brow-beating laugh, "damme!"

The young man was silent.

Soon after, the mail stopped to change horses, and Mr. Ellmer quitted it for a few moments, to see about a parcel; and Miss Nancy Brady, a girl of fourteen, then took occasion to observe to her father—"That gentleman who sat opposite her was certainly Mr. Ellmer, an *evangelical* clergyman, who had once called on her governess."

"Evangelical," said the squire, "is he? then I'll roast him; I hate all whining, sanctified, evangelical parsons."

"He does a great deal of good, I have heard my governess say."

"Good! ay, child, all the good that set do is blazoned enough about."

Mr. Ellmer again took his seat, and the squire began—"Here is half the paper, ay, full half this newspaper, here, filled with the missionary stuff—four columns, as I am alive."

Mr. Ellmer did not choose to imagine this inuendo was meant *at* him, so he went on noting something down in a small book he held in his hand, apparently not attending to the squire's conversation.

"I hate so much of it, for my part; give me a true orthodox clergyman—none of your pickpocket evangelical parsons, who——"

"And what do you mean by a true orthodox clergyman?" replied the young man, calmly.

"Mean, sir! why, sir, I mean a man who does his duty, to be sure, that is what I mean, a high church man, one who preaches and—and——"

"And practises, I suppose," said the young clergyman, smiling.

"Yes, practises. Give me an orthodox sermon—none of your gospel, methodistical rant;" and the squire was a little provoked to find his antagonist so calm.

"And what do you call an orthodox sermon, sir?"

"An orthodox sermon a'n't an evangelical sermon; an evangelical sermon is——"

"First," said the young clergyman, "what is an orthodox sermon, sir?"

"Why a plain, sensible sermon, sir, with some—some—Bill, shut the window, boy—some religion in it, to be sure, sir."

"Religion!" said the young man; and the squire found he had made use of a most unlucky word—"are then evangelical sermons without religion, sir?"

"They are without beginning, middle, or end, and so d——y long, that I always groan for my nightcap," replied the squire, with that heat a man sometimes is guilty of when he finds he is losing his argument,

and is rather inclined to use bullying, noisy, knock-me-down words."

"And the orthodox sermons, sir, are they not long?"

"No, sir. An orthodox parson will give you a wholesome discourse, sir, fifteen minutes long, and quite long enough too; it's enough for a man to carry in his head at once. As for the evangelical sermons, there is nothing but over, and over, and over again—all *gospel* sermons too——".

"And do you not think, sir, the gospel ought to be explained?"

"Explained! yes; but if I tell you a thing, sir, I don't want to tell you a thousand times over."

"But, sir, you seemed to say, or rather to infer, evangelical sermons were not religious."

"No more they are, sir. They are moral, gospel, and so forth."

"Moral, gospel," said the young man, in a surprised tone; "it is the orthodox sermons, as you term them, that are moral; the evangelical sermons speak of the gos-

pel, sir, and explain it to the poor, or at least in language adopted to the capacities of the poorer class. I find no fault with the orthodox."

"Yes, sir, that may be, that may be; but we don't want to hear the same thing over and over again." Luckily for the squire's argument, if indeed it might be termed so, the mail passed a small white house situate on a lawn. "There lived a d——d rascal, one of your evangelical rascals, who swindled, embezzled, and at last took himself to America, with the very money he had been collecting under pretence of charity, damme!"

The young man bore the squire's laugh with perfect coolness—"And do you judge them all by him, sir?" he asked coldly.

The squire took the opportunity of not replying to this interrogation, by a violent convenient cough.—"And then," he continued, after having stifled his companion's voice, "and then these missionary meetings to teach the negroes, why there is as much

cheating in that, as there is in a Jew pawnbroker's shop, with their penny subscriptions, whining, and preaching, and speaking, and taxing folks pockets when they go out of the church doors. Thank God, we have an orthodox parson in our village, good enough of all conscience."

"And he visits the poor, I suppose?" inquired Mr. Ellmer.

"Sometimes, sir; that is, he—yes, yes, visits the poor—yes."

"And gives you sermons fifteen minutes long, sir."

"Yes, sir, and I will be bound to say, is better than all the evangelical parsons in England. They never do good, but to have it blazoned about, sir."

"Indeed, that is hard judging, sir;" and with perfect composure the young clergyman went on writing, aware of one thing, it is ridiculous to contend reasonably with an obstinate fool.

As for orthodox, the squire had heard the word, and he was determined to hate evangelical clergymen, because one of them

had made him look very much like what he was at a county meeting at X——, and, in the spirit of vengeance, he vowed hatred against the "whole tribe;" the very word *evangelical* was hateful to him.

Whilst Mr. Ellmer was occupied with his book, and the squire with his newspaper, they unconsciously were whirled on to Shaddingfield, where they were to dine. The squire ordered a room to himself, in a voice gloriously authoritative, and Mr. Ellmer, of course, was left to *himself*.

"Oh, d——n it, let us have some d——d good beef-stakes, or veal-cutlets, directly, you rascal!—Do you hear?" he said, to the waiter.

"Yes, sir, yes, sir," said the man. "Does this gentleman dine with you, sir, pray?"

"I dine by *myself*, that is, with Bill and Nancy. Come, quick! quick!" and away flew the waiter.

"Oh, pa, what do you think I have done? Left my ridicule, my green velvet ridicule, at where we changed horses

last; I went into a room, and I have left it there—what shall I do? there is all my money and my prizes." Thus spoke Miss Nancy Brady in great tribulation.

Mr. Ellmer, advancing towards her, produced the ridicule, which, he said, he had found after her departure from the room she mentioned, and till then had forgotten to deliver it to her.

"What, will you dine with us, sir?" said the squire, after a pause.

"No, sir, I am obliged to you; I dine by myself;" and he left the room with a bow.

"See whether your *money* be safe, Nancy," said the squire; "evangelical parsons are not always honest;" and he actually felt ashamed of what he said.

Miss Nancy did as she was commanded, and found no defalcation in her money-matters; and the beef-steaks and oyster-sauce appearing, drove orthodox clergymen and evangelical parsons out of squire Brady's head.

CHAPTER II.

He loved to think———,
To muse on all the grander thoughts of man;
He took a solemn and a serious view
Of his religion, and he found it true;
Firmly, yet meekly, he his mind applied
To this great subject, and was satisfied. CRABBE.

"HERE we are again, sir," said the squire, as he seated himself in the mail.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Ellmer, composedly, "here we are."

"I suppose, sir, by your manner this morning, *you* are an evangelical clergyman?"

"The world, I believe, calls me so, sir—it is an honour I did not——"

"An honour!" said the squire; "as I said before, true orthodox for me—an honour!"

Mr. Ellmer smiled, and took out his book to write—"And pray, sir," he said,

after a long dissertation on orthodox sermons, parsons, and tenets, none of which the squire understood, "what *do* you mean by orthodox?"

The squire had intended to go on with his argument; he had referred to a small pocket dictionary of his daughter's, and he replied, with no small importance—"I mean, sir, sound staunch doctrine."

"But in what does that doctrine consist, if I may ask, sir?"

Here the squire was woefully at a stand, and he could say nothing but—"D——n the fellow, who made his d——ls of boots so tight?" and Mr. Ellmer repeated his question.

"Sir, I hate evangelical parsons. I don't want to trouble myself to tell you what you know; orthodox doctrine is orthodox doctrine, and good *is* good all the world over. Evangelical parsons are nothing to me, only I hate them; they do all the harm they can, under the cloak of goodness. Orthodox parsons do what they

ought to do, that is all I know about the matter; and now, if you take offence, so you may; for one thing I know, there never was an evangelical parson in the world worth a straw, nor yet worth a rush."

Mr. Ellmer made no reply. The squire had talked himself out of breath, and out of reason, and Billy and Nancy were planning a good game of blindman's buff for the Christmas holidays.

"D——n the fellow, what is he at now?" said the squire, who filled up every chasm in his conversation with an oath—"driving against another stage, by G—! On, coachman! on, my boy! that's right, that's right!"

"Stop," said Mr. Ellmer, authoritatively, "stop, coachman! Don't you see our danger? You are *wrong*."

"Danger! d——n it, there is no danger," retorted the squire, who was glad of an opportunity of contradicting the parson.

Mr. Ellmer turned to the squire—"Sir, you must see our danger; Pentonville hill

is narrow, the other stage must have come in contact with us, had we attempted to pass."

Squire Brady took no notice, but by saying to the driver—"I'll give you a guinea, if you pass the stage on Pentonville hill, clear of the wheels, smack smooth, my boy."

The coachman lashed his horses to overtake the stage; they gained on it every moment—"Now, Allen!"—"Now, Davis!" said those who were seated on the two coaches, "a race! a race! Davis will beat!"

"No, Allen! Bravo, my boy! on with them!" exclaimed the squire, "on with them!"

Now the mail was before the stage; then the stage before the mail. In vain Mr. Ellmer called—the mail coachman whipped his horses furiously—the race was won; but the mail overturned just at the moment of victory.

The outside passengers came off better than the insides, for the squire lay senseless, his daughter the same; Mr. Ellmer

had his arm seriously hurt, and Billy was too frightened to speak. Mr. Ellmer lifted, with the assistance of two others, the body of the squire upon a bank; they procured water, but there were no signs of life.

"He must be bled," said Ellmer. "Is there a surgeon among you?"

"No, none."

"Has any one a lancet?"

"No."

He then remembered he had a small knife, and he ventured to perform that office himself, and the squire moved, but was not conscious of any thing passing, or, in fact, at all sensible. Fortunately an empty chaise drove up, going to Pentonville, and Ellmer ordered it to stop. Miss Brady and Billy were put in, more dead than alive

"Postilion, here help me with this gentleman!" said Ellmer.

The man came forward—"As I live, sir, this *person* kicked me down stairs at the White Hart, Rolleston, yesterday

morning—the very man I swear!" and he deliberated whether to assist or not.

"Well, my good man, never mind that *now*."

"Why, to be sure, it a'n't likely he will kick me down again."

"No. Forgive and forget. There, place your hand under his head—you see it is cut; then lift him gently into your chaise, then off to Mrs. Ellmer's, number twenty-seven, Pentonville, as fast as you can drive, and you——"

"But doctor Monro ordered this chaise, sir," said the man, hesitating.

"You shall be *well* paid; and when doctor Monro knows, he'll not mind. Quick, my good man, this poor gentleman is very ill. Set us down, and off to doctor Monro, and request him to come immediately."

The squire, with difficulty, was assisted in, Mr. Ellmer supporting him in his arms on one side, and the guard of the mail on the other.

"Off, off! that is your sort! b—t me,

Davis will beat now!" said the squire, in an incoherent tone. "Bear away to the left. D——n your eyes, look at the wheel! what a devil of a driver you are!"

As he spoke, his eyes seemed starting from his head, and he struggled violently —so violently, that Mr. Ellmer and his companion had great difficulty in holding him. He still fancied himself in the mail —still fancied they were driving against the stage, and, with frightful vehemence, he swore, cursed, and raved, at the driver.

"Down by the bank, you fool! Cannot you see the reins, d——n it*?"

"Sir, you are not in the mail," said Ellmer, determined to make one essay to see whether he could be convinced; "you are in a postchaise."

"D——n you! the mail!—a'n't I in the mail? What, a'n't we driving against Allen? Drive, drive, my boy! mind the wheel—mind! mind! Never care for that d——d parson—orthodox for me, true,

* The ever-to-be-remembered death of lieutenant M'Millan, at Colchester, in the year 1816, was similar.

staunch—none of your evangelical thieves —rascals!"

We weary ourselves, and perhaps the reader, by a repetition of this unconnected train; suffice it to say, the postchaise drew up at the door of a small white house in Pentonville: a few words informed Mrs. Ellmer and her daughter of the accident. William and Anne Brady were received hospitably, and the squire lifted into a bed, quite delirious.

Next came the surgeon, then doctor Monro; they examined the patient's bruises, and the doctor gave it as his opinion, that the squire *might* live—he might, but it would be next to a miracle: it certainly was necessary Mrs. Ellmer should know who the patient was, where he came from, and who were his connexions; for if he died, much inconvenience and trouble might ensue.

Ellmer, who for many reasons felt shocked at the dreadful accident, after William and his sister had retired to rest,

entreated to know whether the doctor apprehended death to be near.

"Why, as to death, he *may* live two more hours, or till to-morrow; but as I said before, I will wait till twelve with Mr. Ferrars: he is a man of fortune, I suppose; because, if you observed, he——"

"Fortune! who thinks of fortune now, doctor Monro? I am distressed you apprehend death so *very* near—a man so unprepared—so *very* unprepared—I am shocked extremely—hurt—alarmed!"

"So am I, sir: how did the accident happen, Mr. Ellmer? one really wants something to talk about," inquired the physician, picking his teeth.

Ellmer went through the whole affair, and concluded by saying what Mrs. Ellmer had just learned from the children—that their father lived, when at home, in Norfolk, kept his carriage, and lived on his own estate—had no wife, having lost her when Anne was only four years old; that he had been to town for the children, the Christmas vacation having commenced,

and was returning through Pentonville to Peldon, where his own carriage was to meet them, when the accident took place.

"Well, sir, I can only say this accident spoiled *my* dinner: general Wilson had a turbot—now, sir, turbots are not met with every day—so the general sent for me: my gig was broken, and I ordered a post-chaise; and you took it by main force for our patient here."

"True, true," said Ellmer, who was attending more to the squire than to the doctor and his turbot: "but my friend here seems in much pain, sir: Mr. Ferrars, I think he is dying."

The surgeon shook his head.

"*You* think so, I perceive."

"He seems more sensible," said Ferrars.

"I will speak to him," said Ellmer, anxiously.—"Mr. Brady, sir, I hope you feel better?"

"D——n all evangelical parsons," muttered the invalid: "what a cursed pain I have got in my head! d——n me if I

don't think the wheel *did* go over me! d——d fool Davis was to be sure, to drive up the bank."

"You must not talk, sir," said the physician, going coolly up to the bed.

"D——n me, sir, who are you, who are to measure my words?" said the invalid.

"He is going," said the physician, turning away—"He is going as fast as possible."

"But he should see his children," exclaimed Ellmer: "they shall be called."

"Going! d——n me if I will stir to-night," said the squire—"curse the fellow, what does he mean?"

"Mean, sir! why I mean to say you have sustained a violent hurt, and——"

"Hurt! ay, in my head—and you are the doctor, I suppose—if you are a physician, I shall soon *go*—'twas a d——d strange thing Davis could not take my advice."

"Will you take mine?" said Ellmer, gently: "you want some sleep—it is now late—try and sleep then."

"Who are you?—oh, the evangelical parson! I don't want *you*—where's Nancy and Bill?" added he, in a weaker tone of voice—"where are they?"

"Do you wish to see them, sir?" inquired Ellmer: "they are in good hands."

"No; I suppose they are in bed: tell the waiter I want a glass of brandy and water, strong—strong as can be."

"Let him have it," said the physician: "he must die. Mr. Ellmer, I wish you a good-night: I will call to-morrow."

Ellmer slipped a fee into the doctor's hand, and he departed: the surgeon still remained, and Ellmer too, with the female servant, who was in readiness to prepare any refreshment for the invalid he might require.

Ellmer watched by him till morning came. The squire still lived; but his fractured head gave but few hopes of his recovery: he relapsed into a delirium, violent and shocking; and when the physician came, he was only astonished to find him still in existence.

Thus two days passed, and Ellmer never left the squire's bedside, only to take a little rest and refreshment; and on the third day came Mr. Bennett, a half-brother of the invalid's; and fortunately it was during one of the lucid intervals of the squire's that Mr. Bennett entered the room. —"Oh, brother Ben! how are you? what brought you here?" said the squire, in a weak voice: "what, have you had your skull cracked?"

"No, Brady, I came to see you; I heard you were ill."

"Well, my boy, that's kind;" and the two brothers shook hands most cordially.

"'Twas all the fault of that d——d evangelical parson," said the invalid.

"Ay, they never do any good," said Mr. Bennett, little imagining the very evangelical parson stood by the fireplace reading, of whom his brother spoke.

"Why d——n it, Bennett, I shouldn't have thought of making the fellow drive, if it hadn't been for that fellow."

"How so, Brady?"

"Why the fellow kept talking of danger, and the devil knows what; so says I to the coachman—'Drive, my boy!'—says the parson—'Don't drive'—then says I—'My boy, here's a guinea for you, if you'll pass the blue stage on Pentonville hill: so the fool drove up against the stage, and smash we went; and then my head got an awkward bruise."

Bennett would have asked more, but the surgeon came in and prevented him. The squire was inclined to be very refractory, and very obstinate: he refused the medicine; and had he not been exhausted with pain and talking, he would have been very loud also: by dint of persuasion and entreaty the surgeon accomplished his purpose, and perceiving his patient to be out of danger, with proper directions he left him to the care of Mrs. and Miss Ellmer, and walked off to another invalid.

"Well, you'll do now, old boy," said Bennett: "I suppose I may take Nancy and Billy to mine?"

"To yours! what for?"

"Why, you wont like to have them here? the expence, brother—the expence!" said Bennett, lowering his voice.

"True, Bennett: a pretty bill I shall have, I warrant: do so then."

Mr. Ellmer smiled, and Mr. Bennett returned it, at this idea of the squire still imagining he was in an inn.—"What's the fellow's name where I am?" said the squire.

"Ellmer," said Bennett, smiling again.

"And the place's name, what is that?"

"Pentonville."

"Pentonville—oh, Pentonville Buck, then, I am at——"

"No, you are not at the Buck; you are at Mr. Ellmer's."

"Ellmer! why d——n me if that wasn't the parson's name: d——n that fellow! I'll rate him famously if I ever meet him—why, curse the fellow, what business had he to meddle with our driving?"

"Why, he had a neck to be broken, you know," said Bennett, who began somehow, from Ellmer's looks, to imagine *he* was the very identical clergyman.

"Oh, d——n his neck!"

"Well, you are at a Mr. Ellmer's at Pentonville."

"And he's a young man then," said the squire, suddenly coming to his recollection, and starting up.

"Yes."

"And an't married?"

"No, not that I know of," said Bennett, with another smile.

"Has a methodistical look?"

"No, not much of that."

"*Is* he a parson?"

"I believe so."

"Why, d——n me then if he an't the very man!—is with his mother and sister."

"Yes."

"Why, d——n my unfortunate star! but where is he?"

"There, by the fireplace;" and Bennett drew aside the curtain.

"Come, parson, forget and forgive: you have heard all I said."

"Forgive! oh, certainly!" and Ellmer took the squire's extended hand.

"Well then, 'pon my soul, you *are* a good fellow!"

Ellmer soon afterwards left the room.—"A d——d mess I've been in," said the squire.

"You are in good hands," said Bennett, "however; so don't mind the mess."

"Why, the man forgave me directly, and I've been d——ning him famously," said the squire.

"Well then, he's a *good* fellow, as you say, brother."

"Ay: I wish—I wish he hadn't been an evangelical parson: I hate 'em, that I do: I had rather be obliged to any body than any of that set."

"That's prejudice, Brady."

"Prejudice! well, Bennett, take Nancy and Bill home—I'll take care to *pay* off well: don't tell me of prejudice."

"Ah, but he saved your life! if you hadn't been bled on the spot——"

"Tush, tush! go along, go along! don't preach, for God's sake!—Good-bye, good-bye! I want to go to sleep. Give my love

to your wife.—Good-bye!—I have no more to say."

CHAPTER III.

"So Bennett thinks, I suppose, money *wont* pay," said the squire, half to himself and half aloud.

"Yes, I do," said Bennett, who had not left the room.

"Psha! two or three hundred would do, wont it?"

"No; nor two or three thousand neither."

"The fellow is an evangelical par——"

"Well, brother, and if he is, I will be bound to say you abused him in the mail; for I understand you travelled with him some part of the way."

"Why, I might say a word or two."

"Well, brother, he advised you not to run into danger—assisted you when you were in danger—was the first to take care

of you—brought you to his own mother's house—has attended you, and saved your life."

"Well, well, I know that: still I hate——"

"I wont hear what you hate, brother: the man is a good Christian, let his religion be what it may; and if it hadn't been for him, you would not have been here now."

The squire turned round impatiently in his bed.

"Suppose, for instance, this young man had taken a dislike to such a man as yourself, and abused him, and ridiculed him, and had met with an accident similar to yours, do *you* think *you* would have acted as he has done?"

The squire made no reply, but seemed inclined to sleep.

"Brother, *do* think of what I have said," said Bennett: "now, after your children have said good-bye, I am off home."

"Ay: Good-bye, good-bye—just have an eye to my off-farm, will you?"

And so the brothers separated.

A fortnight passed on, and the squire's health mended daily, for he had a constitution of iron.

One morning he slept rather longer than usual: when he awoke, he saw Harriet Ellmer leaning against the chimneypiece: he always liked her; that is, ever since she had troubled herself to read to him, or to bring him his medicine, when the nurse was engaged. She was not at all handsome, but a fine woman, with an open, expressive countenance: he did not speak, but looked long and intently at her face—a face where there was much to interest, but little either to fascinate or captivate: she had grey eyes, and light auburn hair, with a mouth and nose neither particularly handsome or ugly; yet a certain air of sincerity forced the squire to like her.—"I am awake, Miss Ellmer," he said.

"And better, I hope, sir," she replied, going to the bedside.

"Yes, and better: I have no pain this morning."

"Shall I read to you?"

"If you please—no, don't either—we will talk."

Harriet looked round, and could find nothing to say.

"Are *you* going to be married?" said the squire.

"I!—no!" and he was convinced from her manner she spoke truth.

"But your brother is?"

"When he *can*."

"*Can*! what stops him?"

Harriet paused a moment; at last she said—"Want of money, I believe."

The squire also paused for a moment.—"Want of a living too, I suppose? that's a sad job: I wish I had one to give him."

"Thank you for the wish," said Harriet, rather gaily.

"If any one was to make him a present, what would he like? and if any one were to make you a present, what would you like? for I can never repay either you or him."

"I will answer for my brother first."

"No—for yourself first."

"Oh, I don't know—nothing—I want nothing—Yes, I do want something too."

"What is it—any thing I can grant?" said the squire.

"Oh yes! you could do it in a moment."

"Tell me."

"You will be angry—offended at the liberty I take."

"No; I sha'n't ever be angry with any one of the name of Ellmer."

"Yes; but this is a liberty—a *great* liberty—*I* have no right——"

"Yes, I will give you a right—d——n me if I wont!"

"It relates to a promise."

"That I am to make you?"

"Yes, that you are to make me."

"Well, I will promise then."

"But you don't know what it is."

"Say, say—come."

"That—that you will—*leave off swearing!*"

"Well, I promise."

"But will you keep your promise?"

"Yes, as far as I am able—upon my soul I will!"

"Keep your resolution, pray."

"I will—hang me (and it was very near d——n me!) if I wont! So your brother wants money?"

"I did not say so."

"But he does. Come now, will you read to me—any book *you* like?"

"A prayer?" said Harriet, half afraid.

"Ay, a prayer: nothing better for a man in my situation."

Oh, how Harriet's heart gladdened! she read the prayer, however, to the invalid, and just as she concluded, Henry Ellmer, her brother, came in.

"Come here," said the squire, "I want to talk to you: you have been one of the best friends I ever had, and I haven't known you hardly three weeks: 'pon my soul, though you are a little bit evangelical, I begin to like you devilishly!"

The squire stopped for a moment, to learn from Harriet's countenance whether she considered his last word an oath; but

at that moment (oh, vanity!) she was tying her cap at the glass in the most becoming manner she could; for Mr. Ferrars was expected! So it passed off.—"I did not think I ever could have liked you, though you saved my life: but I find you are not methodistical: d——n the methodists, say I!"

"There, you have broken your promise," said Harriet, "already."

"Ah, I have! but I sha'n't cure myself all at once. Now I want you to explain to me something you read yesterday aloud: I don't mind saying before your sister that it has made a great impression on my mind: I a'n't going to be a methodist; but Ellmer, I *do* think——Psha! now, here's the surgeon."

And Mr. Ferrars came in. Now it seems that if Miss Ellmer did imagine Mr. Ferrars would fall a victim to the tie of her cap, she was mistaken: the *riband* and its *bow* were lost upon *him* most assuredly.

"Now I call this accident quite providential," said Mrs. Ellmer, a plain, good-

hearted old lady, whom we have not yet introduced to our readers: "this poor gentleman seems to have a sense that his life has not been passed *quite* right."

"Yes, mother," said Ellmer, complacently: "I hope he is aware of that; I hope also he has a good heart."

"Time must prove that," said Mrs. Ellmer.

"Time will prove a great many things," said Harriet; and she sighed.

"Yes, love, it will; but come, this is the first morning our visitor breakfasts with us. Henry, dear, you will give him your arm down stairs. Move that chair nearer the fire, Harriet; he'll soon be ready; it is nearly nine."

Mrs. Ellmer let down the blind, and made the tea.—"Come, Harriet, you have not moved that chair yet: do, my love."

Harriet was leaning against the chimneypiece, and never heard her mother's request.

"The chair, Harriet!"

Harriet never stirred; and Mrs. Ell-

mer set it herself. Harriet recovered herself, and the squire entered.—"My dear, what *is* the matter with you this morning?" said Mrs. Ellmer; "a'n't you well?"

"Quite well, dear mother."

"You have a headache?"

"No, not the least;" and Harriet went on with her breakfast.

This conversation passed whilst Mr. Ellmer and the squire were in deep conversation—not on religion, but on a fight in the street between two boys—one large and strong, the other sickly and weak.—"D——n me if the smallest hasn't won!" said the squire, as the fight finished.

"Oh, Mr. Brady, your promise!" said Harriet, colouring: "I find I can have no dependence on you."

"Allow a little for habit, Miss Ellmer."

"I have made every allowance."

"Nay, don't be angry now—you shouldn't frown."

Harriet, who was of a gay disposition, looked into the hearty face of the squire, and laughed.

No matter whether Harriet went into the kitchen to stuff a fillet of veal, or prepare other domestic articles for dinner; but on going into the little parlour she found the squire alone: he got up, and after walking round the room very uncomfortably, he shuffled his hand into his pocket as soon as he saw her, with—"Welcome! you are the very person I wanted to see. Now I hope you wont take offence—I hope you think I would rather do any thing in the world than offend you, your brother, or your mother, Miss Ellmer." He unfastened a large pocket-book as he kept speaking, was confused, and felt *uncommonly* disagreeable.

Harriet had expected this, from certain whispers, and sundry signs, which had passed between Mr. Bennett and Mr. Brady, one day when he had visited him; so she stood just as a person stands who is determined to refuse a present, and yet not hurt the feelings of the giver.—"Sir, indeed none of us ever wished any remuneration."

"I know you never wished it: I am not going to make *you* a present, my dear. Your brother is wanting to marry—no hurt to me or mine—but I hope you will give him that."

"Indeed, sir, I cannot," and Harriet resolutely refused to take the parcel; "what we did was only what every one else would have done."

"Nonsense! you shall—your brother shall—why his happiness is concerned, my dear—consider!"

Harriet hesitated.

"Your brother is not happy now."

"Not quite, perhaps," said Harriet.

"Well then, he saved my life, and the d——l's in it if I ought not to make his as comfortable as I can."

The squire laid down the parcel, and left the room: Harriet took it up, and went to her brother, imagining he was in his little study: he was not there, however; so she went to her culinary duties, from which she was called to have some *farewell* conversation with the squire.

Now Henry Ellmer was attached (perhaps a little against his better reason) to a fair-haired pretty little captivating girl, with no fortune, but of a highly-respectable family. The attachment appeared mutual, and nothing but money was wanted to make them happy—so Ellmer thought—so the lady *appeared* to think.

"Now, Ellmer, *do* go to this ball," said Lucy Angier one morning to him.

"I!—no—I cannot indeed."

"It is a charitable thing, you know: the money is all to be given away to the poor."

"No; I am engaged otherwise: Harriet goes, I believe."

"So do I; and really I should so enjoy it if you were there."

"But I never dance."

"I know it; but do oblige me: if you have any regard for me, go."

"And if you, Lucy, have any for *me*, stay at home," said Ellmer, smiling.

"Now that's too bad: no, *I* must go."

"And *I* must stay at home—that is, I am engaged."

"Well, but seriously, Ellmer, don't you ever mean to dance again?"

"No, I do not."

"Nor go to a play?"

"No."

"Nor let me do either?"

"Why, you promised me you would not even wish it, if we marry," and Ellmer spoke *very* seriously; "these sort of pleasures must cease to interest you, dear Lucy."

"Well, they shall."

"You must forget the *gay* world, and live in a retired, domestic one with me."

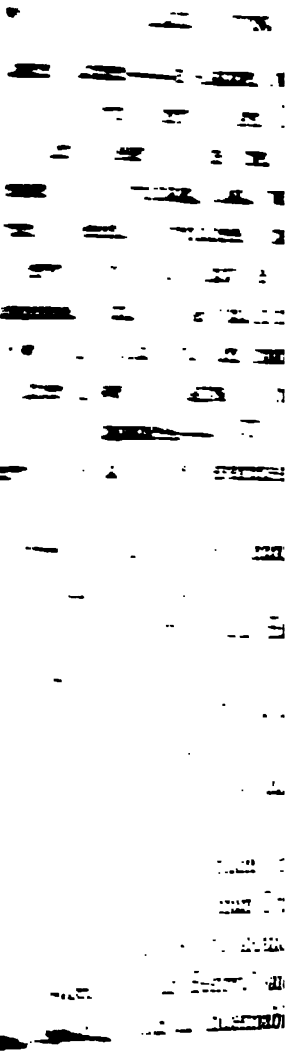
"Well, how often have I said I will do this, Ellmer? but this is a *charitable* ball!"

"Well, dear Lucy, go—you wish it."

"I do," said Lucy, "and go I will, dear Ellmer."

Now all this may appear natural to our readers. The lady's conduct was such hundreds of others would have been. But away with prosing, and to return to facts.

It was the evening after the ball—Harriet was to present her brother with the



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rowful feeling, "you are right—quite right."

"In that instance I trust I was—— now I return this packet to our friend, having no use for it." Ellmer left the room silently.

"How well—how well he speaks and thinks!"

"And acts," exclaimed Harriet.

"Thank God for such a son!" said Mrs. Ellmer.

"Thank God for such a brother!" exclaimed Harriet. "To-morrow, my dear mother, *I* have some news to communicate to you!"

CHAPTER IV.

Now the state of the case was this.—On the evening of the ball, Mr. Ellmer had promised to visit a poor woman who was in a low state of mind; it seems, she died that night, and he had attended her in her last moments—no matter, if he smoothed the pillow of death, whether he was evangelical or orthodox—the woman however expired repentant, and at a late hour Ellmer prepared to return home.

He passed the door of the assembly-room just as two or three ladies, under the escort of beaux, were returning from the evening's amusement; he was going to avoid encountering them, when he heard his own name pronounced, in the accents of one whom he esteemed and loved; he crossed the street again to offer *his*

services, when he saw his Lucy under the arm of another: they walked quick—he also followed quick: there was a drizzling rain, which prevented their recognizing whether it was the rest of their party or not; and not with any intention of listening, but merely to surprise Lucy, he intended keeping behind them till a few minutes were passed, and then making himself known.

"I never passed a more delightful evening," said the beau to his companion.

"Nor I," answered Lucy; "I adore dancing, and balls too."

"I thought you were going to renounce the follies of this world," said the gentleman again.

"No, indeed; you are misinformed," said Lucy.

"Why, is not the report spread every where of a Mr. Ellmer—he is a parson, an *evangelical* parson, or something—and you are going to be married."

"Do *you* think I would have an evangelical——"

"Why, no, I thought it was false," interrupted the gentleman: "you would not sacrifice yourself so—you, who, certainly, without flattery——"

"I can fancy myself," said Lucy, scornfully, eager to convince her companion he was mistaken in his opinion respecting her engagement—"I can fancy myself teaching a Sunday school, and vegetating as a curate's wife!"

Ellmer had heard enough, and he passed over to the other side of the street. Lucy and her beau were at some distance before the rest of their party: with a few unmeaning compliments on her blue eyes, captain Baker took his leave at Lucy's door, without feeling the least smitten by a girl who had been coquetting with him all the evening, under the impression that *he* was smitten by her.

She was just going in, not waiting for the rest of the ladies to follow, when Ellmer spoke to her—"Did you not know," he said, "I followed you nearly all the way from the assembly-room?"

"Know! no: oh, it is Ellmer! Good Heavens, how you startled me!"

"Yes."

"I dare say you heard what I said to captain Baker, did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"Oh, I have been quizzing him!—but wont you walk in?"

"No, I thank you."

"Yes, do."

Ellmer put his foot on the step; the party came nearer and nearer—"I have three words to say to you, Lucy, before we——"

"Let me hear them, I beg: they are *good*, if they come from you, Ellmer."

"I wish *I* could return the compliment, Lucy," said he, without giving way to her playfulness.

"Oh! I have been behaving sadly cruel to you to-night, as to *appearances*, haven't I?—coquettish quite?"

"I don't know whether you have been cruel—coquettish, certainly: you have convinced me I am not the man whom

you could esteem or love—friends we will always be."

"Oh, but you, Ellmer, will forgive! I am but a human creature, *you* know." Lucy's tone changed from gaiety to agitation in a moment. "I am aware we all have our faults; *but*, Lucy, I——"

"Oh, don't stand in the rain, dear Ellmer! you will take cold."

"Oh, no, my umbrella shields me;" and he found it was hard to withstand Lucy's captivations and solicitude, one can so readily make excuses for those one likes. Ellmer loved, but he felt those he loved must be principled: it would not do to give way, so he drew his foot from the step.

"Then you wont come in, Ellmer?"

"Not to-night. Another word, Lucy—just to say—we *part* friends. You have my entire forgiveness—my wishes for your welfare and happiness wherever you go. Farewell!"

Lucy saw him walk down the street,

and, with all the inconsistency of human nature, now he was lost irrevocably, she found he was dear—dearer than she ever thought him: his conduct, his manners, his heart—all came before her. He *really* loved her, and perhaps he was the only man who ever did: under his protection she might have been——But why these reflections? he was lost to *her*—destined, doubtless, to make some worthier woman HAPPY!

And now let us turn from the *unworthy* to the *worthy*.

"Well, Harriet, you had some news to communicate," said Mrs. Ellmer.

"Yes, mother."

"Good or bad, my dear?"

"Why, I hardly know—good though, I suppose."

"Well, what is it?"

"Mr. Brady has made me an offer."

Imagine, reader, the old lady's spectacles falling a sacrifice to her amazement.—"And how have you determined, my *dear* child?"

"Mother, I have made no determination yet; give me *your* opinion—*your* advice."

"My advice! no, my dear; your own heart must tell you."

"Mother, I have the greatest horror in the world of being supposed to marry for money."

"But if—I mean, why, my love, should you regard the world's opinion? if you esteem——"

"Esteem! yes, I certainly *esteem* Mr. Brady," interrupted Harriet, quickly.

"And nothing more, Harriet—don't you more than esteem him?"

"No."

"Then don't marry him."

"Oh! but, mother, you don't exactly comprehend my meaning: I think so much real good might ensue from a marriage with such a man as Mr. Brady."

"To him or yourself, Harriet?"

"Oh, to myself, and him too, mother! only consider then his fortune—his——"

"Fortune, Harriet! *you* will never mar-

ry for money! don't, because my income is confined, give yourself to a man you only *esteem:* we have lived comfortably, and, I trust, happily, on our three hundred a-year: we can, and I hope shall, continue to do so: don't give your hand to a man you care nothing about, under the impression you are doing an *advantageous* thing: I must see you happy, Harriet, or not married at all. Still let me not influence you in the most material circumstance of your life: if you think you *can* be happy with Mr. Brady, you——"

"Happy! yes, I *think* I could, mother."

"But a month ago, my dear Harriet, and you know what Mr. Brady was. I don't say but what he has *made* good resolutions; let us see whether he will keep them. I think he has a good heart; but something more than a good heart is wanted to make *you* happy."

"Oh, mother! I don't wish for a learned man, nor a *fashionable* man, nor a man of the world; nor will I marry a man because he is rich."

"Well, my love," said the prudent, kind-hearted mother, "consult with your own reason, your heart, and your brother —my advice is—wait!"

Now Harriet had considered and re-considered on the squire's offer: there were others in the world, perhaps, whom she certainly could have preferred; but she knew, at her mother's death, the little property she lived on would be lost to her, and she could not expect her brother could support her: besides, the bare idea of being a burthen to him she deemed intolerable. Then, if she married the squire, she could do so much for her family: every summer her mother could spend in Norfolk, and she would be able to do so much good! As to ambition, Harriet had too generous a heart to encourage one shade of that: on the other hand, if the squire returned to his bad habits—if his family disliked her—if——But her brother entered the room, and interrupted her reverie.

"My mother has told you, Henry, I suppose," she said, "what has passed?"

"Yes, Harriet."

"What would *you* advise me to do in it?"

"Advise!—consider, my dear sister, first, what is for your own happiness; it is a thing where *you* must decide, and no one else can for you. Take time—consider whether Mr. Brady be a man who promises to make you happy: my opinion is, if you *loved* him, you would not ask advice so readily: is it not so, now? Don't marry for *advantage*, nor establishment, I entreat: your acquaintance with Mr. Brady is recent; you know but little of him; you see he is reforming, if I may use the expression: he *has* a good heart, I grant you; but as you ask my advice—as you are so candid as to do it—I say—wait."

"Nay, I must either refuse or decide."

"Well then, as I said before, take time: half—ah! more than half the world suffers from indiscreet haste: if you refuse him

I know *you* will do it generously and kindly; for though he is not a youth in the first stage of romance, yet I think he will *feel* it. If you intend to accept him, weigh every thing in your own mind, and let me hear your determination to-morrow. Now, my dear Harriet, good-night! think of what I have been saying, I beg: I know you have no ambition, therefore I need not caution you against it. Again good-night!"

Harriet sought her pillow: in deep thought she passed chief part of the night: she weighed all favourable and unfavourable circumstances in her mind, went back to the past, thought of the future, and dwelt on the present. Now was to be the most important, momentous crisis of her existence: she arose early in the morning, and went into the little parlour, to read, or at least to attempt it: to her surprise, the squire was there—he also was reading. And now can we hope for forgiveness in passing over this love-scene—of all sympathetic scenes the least amusing

or interesting? for the squire never fell on his knees once, nor stamped, nor swore, nor went into ecstacies: certain it is, after the conference was over, Harriet left the room in tears. No, *she* was not destined to be Mrs. Brady.

True it is, the squire seemed going to be a new man: ever since the first fortnight after his accident, he seemed to *think*: we know not but what some conversation of Mr. Ellmer's tended in a great degree to awaken him to a sense of the very sad life he had led.

"Are you *prepared* to die?" said Ellmer, as he sat by the bedside, when the nurse was absent from the room.

"To die! why, I a'n't likely to die, am I?" said the squire, startled.

"I think it proper to tell you, you are in danger—certainly in danger, sir."

"You allude to my will, I suppose; I *have* made that."

"I allude to something else beside *this* world's concerns, sir."

"Oh, ah! religion *you* mean."

"I allude to your soul, and——I'll pray to-morrow to-night—but now—dash me if I can pray—shouldn't I have my medicine—my pills?—why, d——n the fellow, why don't he come and dress my head?"

"If you would hear me," said Ellmere, "if you would give me your attention for a few moments, for I think it my duty to speak with you: I——"

"Not now, sir; I am sleepy—I am in pain—I can't listen to you, indeed, sir: d——n this fellow, just hasten him, will you?"

Mr. Ellmer left the room: it happened to be Sunday, and he was under the necessity of going off by the mail to his curacy, to perform divine service: he was also compelled, from various untoward circumstances, irrelevant to mention here, to remain there till the Monday night: as soon as he returned, he went into the squire's room, to hear how he was.

"Well, I a'n't dead yet," said the invalid, in a valiant tone.

"No, I am happy to see it, sir;" and Mr. Ellmer seated himself by the fireside, and began relating the dreadful death of a man who had his head crushed by a waggon-wheel. Mr. Ellmer raised his voice, for he observed the squire *particularly* attentive; he dwelt much on the man's agonies, both bodily and mental, of which he had been a witness; he spoke of what a dreadful thing it was to die unprepared and unrepentant.

Now it appears, on the Sunday night the squire was in great pain, so much so he was unable to sleep. The surgeon left orders for him not to talk, or exert himself; and the nurse, drawing a chair to the fire, sunk back, through weariness and exhaustion, into a deep sleep.

It was during the woman's rest, the squire began to imagine, from the violence of his agonies, he was dying; it was then he thought on Mr. Ellmer's words—"*I* allude to your soul;" he thought on his past life—his past irregularities. Another instance came across his mind; he

heard Miss Ellmer say it was the sixteenth day of December; *his* late wife died on that very day; that perhaps was the only thing he could look back to with any degree of satisfaction; to her he had always been kind—always attentive, which perhaps was not a little astonishing, as Mrs. Brady was not one of the best-tempered women in the world. To be sure, he thought he had never done any one any harm, and, on the other hand, he had done no one any good. But he thought, if it pleased God to spare him, he *would* repent. How many a resolution is made in the hour of misery, and forgotten in the hour of ease!

"I want to speak to *you*," said the squire, after he had heard the death of the man who was crushed by the waggon-wheel; "*my* mind a'n't easy."

Ellmer's countenance grew pleased.—"I shall be very happy to talk with you immediately, Mr. Brady."

"Is there any body in the room besides yourself?"

"No, my mother and sister are just gone out."

"Get the Bible then; I want to pray, if I *am* dying."

Ellmer did as he was desired; but before he began to read, he conversed with the squire in a manner soothing and consolatory, and adapted to his situation; he did not wish to frighten him, but to awaken him to a sense of his errors, and the faultiness of the life he had been leading.

It so chanced, Ellmer was just the kind of man to win the squire's attention; he saw he must not weary him, but at judicious times he explained many parts of revealed religion, in a manner at once comfortable and edifying. The squire felt it all, for he *had* a heart, and a good one too; education and prejudice had long shaded it, and being an only child, he was let to do as he pleased. Under these circumstances he became a good huntsman, a good sportsman, but certainly not a good Christian; nay, till he married, when he

went to church, however *thought* of saying any prayer, but held his hat before his face, and devoutly said—"*C. P. Smithfield, Angel Garden, London.*" He would not have gone at all, but Miss Ellis (his late wife) sat opposite to his pew, and she was a devilish pretty girl.

And now a revolution, vast and great, was about to take place; the seeds were sown; Ellmer hoped, and argued, and read, and, we must add, prayed; and the last words the squire said to him the day he left Pentonville were—"Ellmer, you have saved both my body and my soul; you shall come down into Norfolk and see me, and if your sister *will* come, bring her; don't think I hate evangelical parsons *now*—I should be a very ungrateful dog if I did."

Now I dare say the reader wishes to know if Mr. Brady took back the money he offered to Mr. Ellmer. He did. We say nothing of a blue dinner-service appearing, one morning, carefully packed up in hampers, nor of a beautiful piano to

Harriet—one of Broadwood's best; we rapidly pass on to the summer season, when the squire's estate was in all its beauty, and Mrs. Ellmer, and her son and daughter, received a hearty invitation to Willby Hall; to be brief, they accepted it, and off they went.

One little transaction we had forgotten. Mr. Ferrars was married! Report *had* said, Harriet Ellmer had formerly liked him; now who can depend on report? True it is, Harriet seemed glad to leave Pentonville for a little time, and equally true it is, she stepped into the postchaise destined to convey them to Willby, with a sort of pleasure her mother was not sorry to see. Two days brought them to the termination of their journey, and also to Willby Hall—a new handsome brick mansion, situated in a fine well-stocked park.—"'Pon my word, I did not expect to see such a house," said Harriet; "it is really quite a handsome mansion."

"Our host too is improved since we saw him," said Mrs. Ellmer; "if I can see

right, very much improved in his *personal* appearance."

Harriet looked out of the chaise-window; never had the squire been neater dressed, never had he appeared to more advantage than standing on the hall-steps, awaiting the approach of the travellers. He was a fine man of thirty-seven, with strong features, and an air of hearty good humour on his face, to some infinitely pleasing. Mr. Ellmer looked at him, then at his sister, as much as to say—"Will you have him, Harriet?" But the squire is already letting down the steps—the travellers are weary—let us leave them to recruit themselves.

CHAPTER V.

"Business first—pleasure afterwards."

DINNER was half over, when Tom presented the squire with a letter; up he start-

ed immediately.—"Get me a horse *directly*—order out Tiney—Tiney goes fastest—get me my spurs and boots—don't be a minute now."

"Wont you finish your dinner, sir?" said Mrs. Ellmer; "nothing unpleasant, I hope."

"No, ma'am, thank you."

"This turkey, sir, is delicious; sure you had better——"

"Can't indeed, ma'am. Come, fellow, bring my boots; no, come I'll go to them. Pray, Mr. Ellmer, make my house as your own; I sha'n't be back time enough to see you again to-day; my business requires haste. Miss Harriet, there's Anne's piano, and there are books—pray amuse yourself; and if you wish for a ride, there's the carriage, but I suppose you had riding enough yesterday."

There was no time to reply, for the squire was off, and they saw him gallop down the park as hard as ever he could.

"A very warm-hearted, hospitable man,"

said Mrs. Ellmer, as soon as they were by themselves.

"I never saw any one so much altered for the better," replied her son. "I was told to-day he did a great deal of good in the neighbourhood. I am very glad he has kept the good resolutions he made at our house; I confess I thought he *would* forget them." As Mr. Ellmer spoke, he walked up to the window-seat, where lay some volumes, apparently quite new; he looked into them, and found they were some he had recommended to Mr. Brady in his last letter. Even such a trifle as this is gratifying—at least Ellmer found it so. And now, lest any should think Mr. Ellmer acted hastily in giving up Lucy, we will speak a few words on that subject.

Mr. Ellmer was determined to marry a woman of principle; now he heard her deny any engagement subsisting between them to captain Baker; this might have been passed over, but he could not bear

that she should make a mock or laugh at his religious tenets: from a few other traits in her character, he began to imagine she was not quite the woman *he* supposed her; and we must think he parted from her in such a forgiving state of mind, that even she must regret having lost so good a heart: a woman of Lucy's disposition generally feels more from disappointed vanity than any thing else; so *we* think, however.

The next day brought the squire's two children home to spend the Midsummer holidays, and in the evening, hot, tired, and wearied, arrived the squire himself, covered with dust.—"Where's Mr. Ellmer?" were the first words he said, and he never saw Anne and William, who ran to meet him—"where's Mr. Ellmer?"

Ellmer made his appearance.

"A few words with you, if you please."

"Nothing distressing has occurred I hope, Mr. Brady?" said Ellmer, looking hard at his host's face.

"Misfortunes happen to every body; but come along."

"They do;" and Ellmer followed him up the gravel-walk.

"Now prepare yourself to hear a dreadful piece of intelligence."

"I am prepared, sir;" and Ellmer could not help turning pale.

"A letter informed me yesterday of what prompted me to bustle off as I did. I was shocked, I own—on your account I felt; but it's no use prosing, so here's smash to the truth."

The groom made his appearance.—"Tiney's knees, sir—she have been down; shall I wash them in——"

"Yes, yes, *you* know;" and they went on a few steps further.

"Oh, 'pa," said William, "you passed me in the stable-yard, I thought."

"Well, my boy," interrupted the squire, with a reviving countenance, "you are grown famously; why he's like me, an't he, Ellmer?"

"Yes, very."

"'Pa, we had such fun coming home; there were five of us in one postchaise, and——"

"Well, I'll hear all your tales by-and-by; go in now, there's a good fellow. Well, Ellmer, what I have to say is this——"

"Please your honour, your biggest bullock is blown," said a labouring man, with an alarmed countenance.

"Well, it can't be helped—I'll come presently."

"Sir, *I* say there's nothing better than salt and water. Curse the boy for leaving the gate undone! I said, says I, 'I know how 'twill be."

"Well, now, my good fellow, I'll attend to you in a moment."

"I know, when your honour sees the gate, you'll know the bull couldn't get over; so I tell the boy, but Sam Wilks is a shocking——"

"I'll be with you in a moment indeed, Benjamin."

"Your honour knows a blown bull is a dangerous thing, as your honour said one day—says you——"

"Now, my *good* Benjamin, I'll attend in *one* minute."

"Yes, I know your honour will, because a minute is an hour in such a thing as this."

Brady could bear this *no* longer.—"Ellmer, just come three steps this way. Ben, go you to the bullock. You have heard me mention my uncle Jessop, Ellmer?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've been there."

"Why, it is forty miles."

"Never mind if it was a hundred; I have been, and what's more, got him in the mind to give you the living of Stockton—that's my bad news."

Just at that moment Ellmer could find no words to express himself; and if he had, he might have talked to the winds, for the squire was off to the bullock, as hard as it was possible for him to go.

Now Ellmer knew that the squire had

one of the best of hearts; chance, which discovers a great many things, that very morning convinced the young clergyman his host was in a fair way of being a *good* man, which is a thousand times better than being a *great* man. *Par hazard* he had gone into a cottage near the park-gate, whilst walking with his sister, to inquire about a little dog which had strayed from them; and, *par hazard*, he saw two new Bibles, with Trimmer's Help to the Unlearned, on the chimneypiece.—"The squire gave them to us, sir," said the woman. "Ever since that bad accident of his, he has been very charitable; for, sir, when the coach turned over, some good parson took him in, and nursed him, and made him quite a new man; so he left off drinking, and as to swearing, I ha'n't heard an oath never since he came home from the parson's house; but he gave all the poor folks Bibles and Prayer Books; and though he don't go to the Sunday school, he give a deal of money to it."

Harriet's face crimsoned as the woman spoke. One thing she was aware of— that the squire still regarded her; she also knew he was not what the world calls a gentleman, but still there was so much good principle in him, so much open-heartedness, she felt, or thought she felt, he was deserving of her; and in this latter sentiment we perfectly coalesce.

Ellmer never mentioned Mr. Brady to his sister, either in praise or dispraise; he was convinced it was always best to let such attachments take their own natural course; he knew she possessed good sense, and to the guidance of that good sense he left her.

Ellmer's first wish after the gift of the living was to thank the squire, but he found no opportunity till the evening, and then all that the purest gratitude could dictate, and the warmest bosom be capable of describing, he said.

"Pooh! nonsense, Ellmer, I never can do enough for you; there, get along and eat your supper, and we'll spin off to my

uncle Jessop's to-morrow; and mind, when you read yourself into Stockton, I shall hear you; and if the house wants improving, I'll render my services: so now, off to your supper, for I am uncommonly hungry; besides, I want to hear your sister sing."

"I *must*——"

"Must!—why what a fellow you are, cooling the supper by standing here!—must!—well, I *must* go; so if you will remain by yourself, so it *must* be."

Now perhaps it is needless to say the letter Mr. Brady received at dinner was from a friend whom he had commissioned to let him know whenever the incumbent on the Stockton living dropped off, having his eye, as he termed it, on a young clergyman to supply his place. This may account for his violent haste, and Tiney's broken knees.

Now sir John Jessop hated evangelical clergymen; this the squire was aware of; so he meant not to ask him beforehand, lest he might make inquiries, and consequently deny him the living.

When he arrived at sir John's, he *banged* in, descanted on his life being saved by a young clergyman of *unexceptionable* abilities, talked of having no other way left of testifying his gratitude than by requesting his uncle to give him the living of Stockton, the incumbent being just dead, and entreated his uncle not to keep him in suspense.

Sir John pondered.—"Well, sit down, sit down."

"Oh, I can't sit down, sir."

"Why you are covered with dust," said sir John."

"Well, but the living, uncle; have you disposed of it?"

"No."

"Then I'll sit down, only for half an hour though."

"Perhaps you'll like to have William dust your coat?"

"Dust my coat! oh, I have no time."

"Your boots cleaned, or——"

"No, give me the promise of the living, and I am off."

"You know the young clergyman *well*?"

"Yes, and he's one of the best fellows in existence."

"What are his——"

The squire found occasion that very instant to have his coat dusted, and when that office was performed, sir John had forgotten the question he was going to ask. Now Mr. Brady was sir John's favourite nephew, and he knew it.

"So you think he's deserving?" said sir John.

"Deserving! yes, or I wouldn't have rode forty miles to ask you to give him the living."

"Well, but Pycraft!"

"Have you promised it Pycraft?"

"Not exactly *promised*, but he hinted."

"Oh, hints—hints are nothing. I ask downright; so, uncle, will you or wont you give it to Mr. Ellmer?"

"Ellmer—Ellmer—one of the Ellmers of Cantley?"

"No, not the least relation to him."

"Well, poor Pycraft! though I thought of poor Pycraft as soon as ever they wrote me word Belton was gone. The last time Pycraft was here, he was sitting—you know his way—'Sir John,' says he, 'I've a wife and six children.—'Well, Pycraft,' says I, 'what of that?' So says he again——"

"Well then, you'll really give Ellmer the living? *Ellmer* saved my life," interrupted the squire. "Ellmer is one of the best fellows in the world; if you see him, you'll like him, for every body else does. Ellmer preaches and practises."

"Not ——— * I hope?" said sir John; and the middle word the squire stifled by an immoderate cough.—"Pycraft is married, and is poor."

"Psha, uncle! come, answer, will you, or wont you, give the living to Ellmer?"

"Is *he* married?" asked sir John, who was quite accustomed to his nephew's manner.

"No, but he has a mother (quite an old woman) and a sister."

* We presume the word was *evangelical*.

"Well, he may have it then; but Pycraft—I can't help thinking of Pycraft."

The squire jumped up, and rang the bell furiously.

"What's that for?"

"My horse."

"Why, you'll stop and refresh?"

"Not I. The day after to-morrow I'll bring this young parson. Oh, by-the-bye, we'll bring some grapes; you are fond of them, I think; and I bought you a hundred of the foreign larch plants as I came along. Now, uncle, your hand, and I'm off."

"Good-bye; but come, you are going without your hat—bring the parson's mother and sister when you come, if they can—thank you for the larch plants—they shall be set down there. You know I wish to make two triangles by the park-gate, and a crescent by the——"

But the squire was off as fast as Tiney could go. Sir John looked after him—

the park-gates were thrown open—the dust flew—the squire cracked his whip, set spurs to his steed, and in five minutes he was out of sight.

CHAPTER VI.

Now old sir John was one of those beings denominated obstinate; whenever he fixed his mind on a thing, done it should be, proper or improper. So the morning after his nephew Brady's departure he ordered his carriage, ordered a certain number of clothes to be packed up, eat an astonishing hearty breakfast, said nothing to any of his domestics *when* he should return, and despite sundry twinges of the gout, stepped into his carriage and drove off.

"Where's my master gone?" said the housekeeper to Jonathan, the second footman.

"How should I know, Mrs. Hudson?"

"Oh, to general Dysart's, I suppose."

"They didn't drive that way."

"He's had all his clothes packed up; I firmly believe he's gone to London."

"No, he has not taken *all* his clothes."

"Where is he gone? Come into my parlour, and tell me the taste of my jammed apricots."

"I know he's gone to Mr. Pycraft's," said the groom; "for says my master to me—'If Mr. Pycraft comes while I am gone, and perhaps he may come one way, and I go another, give him that note.'

"Very likely he should go with a heap of clothes to Mr. Pycraft's; but come, let us look at the note—here it is—'*The Reverend J. Pycraft, Welby Vicarage, Suffolk.*"

"Let us just look at the direction again; why there is something in it," said Mrs. Hudson.

"Yes, I was told to *take care*. 'And if Mr. Pycraft don't come to-day,' says my master, 'put it into the post; but,' says he, 'I rather expect him."

"Then my master an't gone *there* for a certainty," said William.

"Well, I'm going to the post-office this afternoon. Groom, tell Mary to draw you a glass of ale; take the key," said Mrs. Hudson, "and be off."

William the footman went after his affairs, the groom after his ale, and the housekeeper after *hers*.

Meanwhile sir John was travelling down to Norfolk; it happened, however, he was detained at an inn on the road by a violent fit of the gout, caught doubtless by riding with the windows open across Rendlesham Mere.

Now to be ill at an inn is terrible; sir John bore it as well as an old man of seventy-two could; he submitted to every inconvenience, we were going to say without a murmur, but we remembered he was a *little* fractious; nor was it to be much wondered at—age and the gout are great excuses.

Three days—three *long* days sir John had been confined to his room, and the

fourth he was better, and on the fifth he meant to go on with his journey. It occurred, on the fourth evening, sir John was inclined to sleep; his man left him; but as he closed the door, the handle came off. Oh! why was not one of Murray's patent never-to-grow-old latches on that fatal door! but so the fates had decreed it.—"Sir, I can't shut the door; the handle is broken off."

Sir John remembered the landing of an inn is not always in a state of repose.—"Can't you lock it on the outside? try—I want to get some sleep."

"Yes, sir."

The door was locked; sir John heard the man walk away, and sunk into a deep sleep.

Twelve is the hour when all heroines peep from their grated windows to view the moonlight landscape—twelve is the hour when grim monks prowl from their cells, carrying a dim lamp of sulphurous brightness—twelve is the hour the murderous robber or bandit buries the corse

he has slain—and twelve *was* the hour when sir John awoke!—a gouty old gentleman at an inn—*can* any thing novel or romantic ensue? certainly not. Sir John was awake but a short time, and being easy from all bodily pain, he turned round on his pillow, and went to sleep again. The inn, for a wonder, was quite quiet; host, hostess, travellers, ostlers, chambermaids, and waiters, were all "*wrapt in forgetfulness.*"

Now it frequently happens that people asleep, on hearing real noises, connect them in their dreams.

Sir John dreamt he was still at the inn, and what is still more singular, he imagined himself in the very room in which he really was; he thought he was reading, sitting on the side of the bed, when, on turning his eyes from his book, he saw large volumes of smoke bursting through the roof of the apartment. He made an effort to reach the door; and still connecting reality and vision together, he thought he was locked in, and unable to escape.

In vain he called—in vain he thought the floor beneath gave way; and just as he was hanging on the window-rails, to prevent going along with it, some one seized him in their arms and saved him!

So strong did this impression remain upon his mind, that on awaking he thought he smelt fire; he raised himself up in the bed, to be assured whether it was so or not; he could see a faint glimmer of something, but whether it was the moon or dawn of day, he could not particularize: he waited—a crackling, as of fire, he was certain he heard, and he rung the bell violently, calling as loud as he could for assistance. No one came; the fire grew brighter and brighter—an unusual bustle seemed to reign below—again he rang, so furiously that the bell-rope broke; but ringing and calling were alike vain.—"Unlock the door! unlock the door!" he said, as he heard footsteps along the landing; but either those persons did not hear him, or were too much occupied with their own safety to regard his request.

It is a hard thing to be burnt to death: of all the ways of terminating the human frame, that is the most exquisitely painful—the most dreadful; and an old man of seventy-two to fall a sacrifice was terrible.

"For God's sake, unlock the door!" exclaimed old sir John, as he discerned some one passing. "Fire! fire! I shall be burnt to death! have mercy, whoever you are!"

"I can't unlock it, sir; here's no key; the key is inside," said a voice.

"No, no! look, it is on the outside—I am locked in—don't leave me to die—feel for it, feel for it—it *is* there, it *is* there!"

"Here's no key indeed—I can *see* there is none, for the flames shine dreadfully here; I'll——"

"William Burton has got the key then; tell him to come to his master directly, or I shall be burnt."

"I'll go," said the voice, and the person ran along the landing as fast as possible.

Three, five, seven, ten minutes passed

away, and nobody came.—"He's forgotten me—yes, I *must* die," said poor sir John, as he saw the fire increase rapidly in his room, and saw it filling with smoke.

There is a time when we are in danger, when we either are resigned or despairing. Sir John sat up in his bed, without any hope; he heard people go past, but had no strength to call loud enough to be understood; he saw fire, flames, and smoke, all round him; he leaned back with his head up against the upper end of the bed; death was before him, around him, and on each side of him.

At that moment he heard his door burst open; a person rushed in, and tore him from the bed, the clothes of which were then catching fire, and carried him, through smoke and danger, to the open air; he let him recover himself, and then, with the assistance of another person, they wrapped him in a blanket, and carried him to a cottage just by.

Morning came—such a morning! and

all that remained of the Grafton Arms was a heap of ruins.

How the fire originated, no one knew; but it was supposed by the negligence of a chambermaid leaving a candle too near a window-curtain. More of this hereafter.

"Who saved me?" was the first exclamation which broke from the lips of sir John; for dearly was that old gentleman fond of testifying his gratitude. "Who saved me?"

"The gentleman is not here now, sir," said the woman at whose cottage the old baronet was.

"But he *is* coming, I hope: a *gentleman!* you said."

"Yes, sir, at ten o'clock; and it is now half-after nine: I don't know who it was, sir." With the help of his hostess he got into a large chair, still wrapped in the blanket, and had just seated himself when William entered.

"Well, so *you* left me to be burnt?" said sir John, in rising indignation.

"No, sir; I——"

"Why, the door—did not you look the door, and never came to unfasten it? and I might have died—yes, at my great age, I might have been burnt to death, if I had depended on your help: God has preserved me, however."

"Sir, the key——"

"I wont hear you: get out of my sight: you left me to be burnt, that's enough for me!"

"Sir, the stairs——"

"Well, the stairs—I suppose you would say they were all in flames; but I was carried through those very flames by a *stranger!* Get along."

William, who thought his master would "come round," was retiring, when sir John slipped a little way off the chair on which he sat, and William hastened to him to render his assistance.—"I don't want your help," said the baronet: "you are an ungrateful fellow!"

William felt too much to speak, and

still kept endeavouring to make his master's seat more comfortable.

"What ails you, why you seem ill? if you had lost the use of your hands!"

"Only one hand, sir," said William humbly.

The baronet felt moved. "What, have you burnt?"

"A little, sir."

"A little! let us see this little. I begin to think I have been wrong: you have always been a faithful servant."

William turned aside to unfasten the bandage, but dared not trust his voice to speak—unbared the hand, and shewed it. After a long pause—"There, sir, I said it was only a little."

"But the arm appears to me to be scorched: roll your sleeve up, William."

William rolled his sleeve reluctantly, and shewed his arm dreadfully burnt.

"My *good* fellow, is there no surgeon near?"

"Yes, sir; he would attend me *first*; and I kept saying——"

"Well, never mind what you kept saying."

"I have brought you some breakfast, sir; and I saved your large trunk, and the green portmanteau; therefore, when you wish to dress, sir, I am ready."

"What, and have only one hand?"

"Sir, I can't bear, sir, you should think me ungrateful—I must tell you, sir, about the key—Sir, you know I locked the door, and left the key in; and then I thought, sir, you being an old gentleman, and folks not always honest, I would take the key out: so I went to the door and took it out. Tom, who slept with me, said, says he—'Will,' says he, 'here's a precious smell of fire.'—'Ay,' says I, 'there is;' so up we got, and soon as ever we opened the door, we saw the stairs all of a fire: so, sir, I got up to the back landing, I suppose they call it, when I thought of you.—'Oh, Tom,' says I, 'the key!'—'What key?' says he.—'Why,' says I, 'the key, in my breeches pocket, of my master's room.'—Says he again—'I threw

all our clothes out of the window into the yard.' Then, sir, I tried to get past the flames, for I began to think, sir, you would be burned to death, and to feel deadly sick; and I said to Tom—'Tom, I must and will get the key; for I shall never rest if the poor old gen—if my poor old master die: so I ran down the stairs through the fire, as I thought, but I was only half-way down; the folks were shrieking all round me—'Don't go there! don't go there!'—'Where?' says I—and looked and saw all that staircase was on fire by your door: I tried to get through it to burst your door, but I died away with my arm being so burned, and my legs were a little scorched, and Tom saved me; and then we heard you were safe, sir; so I was at rest a little; so I ran as well as I could to the low room where your portmanteaux were, and Tom and I saved them all, and the coach and the horses, and a heap of cattle besides: we turned 'em loose out, any how, and, thank God, no lives were lost: there was one gentle-

man—'twas the gentleman that saved you, sir—says he to me——"

But the gentleman at that moment entered, and William's harangue consequently closed. Sir John looked up, and saw a tall, thin, dark young man come in, very much like some one he had formerly known, with rather a prepossessing countenance than not: a little conversation passed, when sir John said—"Sir, can I ever thank you for what you did last night? few people would have run such a hazard, to save a useless old man of seventy-two."

"Before we say one word more," said the young man, "you must have some breakfast: your servant knows, sir, what I ordered."

William was off in a moment, and returned with Tom, carrying a tray.

"From your house, I presume, sir?" said sir John.

"No, sir: but come, sir, we will breakfast together, and then talk of this lamentable fire."

"Before I eat one morsel, I must know your name."

"We will talk of that afterwards, sir."

"You are a clergyman, I think?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you taken orders?"

"Yes, sir."

"And want a living?"

"Why—yes."

"Ah! this *is* very, very unlucky."

CHAPTER VII.

Sir John, with the aid of his hostess and the young clergyman, prepared to leave the cottage, and stepped into his carriage; and as the young clergyman was going some miles the same road as sir John, and, from the late fire, could not very conveniently procure a chaise, he accepted a seat in the carriage.

"So you have no living," said sir John —"only curacies?"

"Only curacies," replied the young clergyman.

"Did you know the incumbent of the Stockton living, of the name of——"

"I had heard of him, sir," interrupted the young clergyman.

"Well, he is dead: I had the presentation of it, and I wish my nephew had not been in such a hurry: but I have promised it to a Mr. Ellmer."

"The Ellmers of Cantley, sir?"

"No, Pentonville: do you know any thing of them? for I hear he has a mother and sister: is he evangelical? though I suppose not; for my nephew——"

"He is what the world calls so, sir," interrupted the young clergyman.

"Why, you don't say so, sir—why, you don't say so?" said the baronet, his countenance beaming with joy.

"Yes."

"You know him?"

"Not much; that is, I——"

"But you can vouch for his being evangelical; and no evangelical parson shall have the Stockton living: why, it is full five hundred a-year, and a famous house."

"Then you are really prejudiced against all evangelical parsons, sir?"

"Yes, sir, I am: there is so much hypocrisy, so much deceit, and yet they appear all that is good—in one word, I hate them, sir: and this Mr. Ellmer, if he *appeared* a saint, and fed the poor every day of his life, and prayed with them every night, shall never have the living of Stockton: I am glad enough you told me, sir. Why, I was just going down to my nephew's to meet this very young man: for my nephew, that ever he could be such a fool! made me promise Mr. Ellmer the living, and neither ate, drank, nor slept at my house; but as soon as he had got my consent, off he goes, as fast as his horse could carry him, and all because it was for an *evangelical* parson."

"Had he ever rendered your nephew any service, that he was so——"

"Why, my nephew, I believe, was in a coach or stage when it was overturned; and this Ellmer thought, very likely, it would be no bad thing for him to pick him up; so, I dare say, his mother and sister made the worst of it, for my nephew has a liberal spirit; and there he was at Pentonville, I don't know how long. However, orthodox and high church for me! and this Ellmer sha'n't have the living: I will give it to a more worthy person: he *might* save my nephew's life, but you have saved mine; therefore, will you, as a small testimony of my gratitude, accept the living?"

"I am very much obliged to you, sir—very much obliged; but the same reason which prevents you from giving the living to Mr. Ellmer, prevents me from accepting it—*I* am an *evangelical clergyman.* Before we part, sir, for I have not more than a hundred yards further to accompany

you, allow me to say—we evangelical clergymen are as happy to do a good action, or a good office, as others; and believe me, sir, when I say, if ever chance should throw us together again, I shall be happy in remembering it was——"

"Sir, you *shall* have the living," exclaimed sir John, who had recovered the use of his speech.

"No, sir, I *cannot*: I am content on my curacies. One favour I must beg of you, that you will cease to think of evangelical clergymen so harshly—prejudice, sir, goes a *great* way."

"I know it, I know it—evangelical or orthodox, you shall have the living: sir, I am convinced—I am certain, that *some* evangelical parsons are——"

"Sir, I am very much obliged to you, but your living I cannot accept: you have my thanks, sir, for the offer. Now, sir, allow me to shake hands with you, and then farewell!"

Old sir John saw the young man descend: the step was pushed up again, and

the door closed.—"If ever you pass Jessop Hall, sir, I shall be very happy—*very* happy to see you. Sir, you have my thanks, my gratitude, for all that has passed."

The young man bowed, the carriage drove on, and sir John fell into a reverie, cogitating on what present he should make him.

He had made up his mind to send, *anonymously*, a bank-note of a *certain* sum (no mean one, we opine): it should be addressed—ah, how?—for amid the discourse on the living, and evangelical parsons, he had forgotten to ask it; nor did he know his name; but there *were* means and ways of finding that out.—"What a fool a man is," thought sir John, "to be prejudiced! and what a fool a man is to speak without thinking! if I live long enough, I will amend. To be sure, this young Ellmer *may* be a good man: so to shew I don't *hate* evangelical clergymen *very much*, he shall *keep* the living:" still he felt very sorry—very angry with him-

self, for being so violently prejudiced against evangelical clergymen. But man is but man, and we have all our weaknesses, one way or other.

To abuse the very man who had generously risked his life to save his—who had ventured up the staircase, though destruction seemed inevitable! and for him to abuse—yes, he did *abuse—all* evangelical clergymen to his very face! But a handsome present he would make him: but yet he could not forgive himself, and he was very glad when he saw Willby Hall, and his warm-hearted nephew; for man naturally loves to fly from unpleasant reflections: therefore the charms of a hearty reception, and cheerful society, were very agreeable to the baronet.

Suppose now that old sir John has given a description of his last fit of the gout, from the first twinge, to acute pain—then the fire at the Grafton Arms, and how the ruins smoked when he passed them: he omitted, however, we think, the best part of his story—that he left fifty pounds

to the host; for though the house was ensured, yet he had sustained a great loss; and having a young family, sir John's heart melted—for it was a good heart, though it possessed a few failings—and so he gave him fifty pounds, and came off to Willby, as contented with this action, as he was angry with himself for deriding evangelical parsons.

Then sir John went on, with, how it came into his head that he should like to surprise his nephew, by appearing at Willby without having sent any letter to warn the housekeeper of the necessity of having a well-aired bed ready for him.—"And now," says he, turning to Mr. Brady, "I shall tell you, you have deceived me: I must have it out before I go to dinner: the young clergyman you recommended was evangelical."

"He was, and is, sir; but I repeat, a better fellow never existed."

"I know you said he saved your life."

"He saved my body and my soul, sir; and I would rather, sir—yes, rather you

should disinherit me from your whole estate, than not give him the living as you promised, sir. I can convince you that those we term evangelical are the best —or if not the——"

"I don't want to be convinced, nephew —I don't want to be convinced," said the old baronet; "I know it. Come now, is dinner ready? I can't see any of your visitors to-night; for as you and they have dined, there's no necessity, and I am tired, and lost my rest last night; and I fancy I don't want to see any body—so come, now for some dinner."

Sir John retired early; consequently the next day he felt considerably recruited in his strength and spirits, went into the breakfast-parlour, and there was introduced to Mrs. Ellmer and Harriet: he looked round for Mr. Ellmer, but his nephew told him, Ellmer would not be in for some minutes.

Common topics were discussed. The door opened when breakfast was nearly half over, and Ellmer entered: bows passed

between sir John and himself, a few introductory words, and nothing more.

"Who is inclined to walk to the bath-house that is building?" said the squire, in his rough manner.

"I—I—and I!" said Anne Brady, William, and Miss Ellmer.

"No, I wont have so many," said Brady, good-temperedly.

"Yes, papa, you promised me," said Anne.

"And me too," said William.

"Well, I will give up going then," said Harriet.

"No, I will have *you* at all events: so, uncle, Ellmer and Mrs. Ellmer will amuse you; for I must see how my men go on, and you say you don't wish to go out this morning: so all who go with me, must on with their hats, and that in five minutes."

Harriet and the other two were soon equipped, and off they set: now it was only in the common course of nature—we mean *politesse*—for Mr. Brady to offer

Miss Ellmer his arm; so Anne and William, pushing each other into the ditches and bunches of nettles or briars, as they went along, and Mr. Brady and Harriet conversing, or rather talking, they arrived at the bath-house.

On the return Mr. Brady chose the longest way, nor did Harriet oppose it: he shewed her his large park, his new stables, his new buildings, and at last, just as they were entering on the park road leading to the house, he said—"So, Miss Ellmer, you an't married yet?"

"Papa, look what William has done!" exclaimed Anne, with her frock torn entirely out of the waist.

"There, get away; don't torment me now."

"Papa, it wasn't my fault; she pushed *me* down, so I pushed *her* into the ditch."

"Go along, go along!" said Mr. Brady: "there, get in with you. Miss Ellmer, *we* will go round by the belt: the morning is beautiful."

Harriet put her arm again through his, and on they walked.

"So, Miss Ellmer, you an't married yet?" pursued Mr. Brady.

"Oh, no!" said Harriet, rather in a laughing tone.

"There, you say 'oh, no,' just as if you thought it was a thing quite ridiculous to think of: now I dare say there would be, and are, many who would be very glad—yes, Miss Ellmer, very *happy* to call you wife."

Harriet attempted to smile, but found it impossible.

"You don't believe me, but you may: there was a time when 'I lived my life,' as the world has it; but since my accident I have endeavoured——"

"Oh, yes, I know you have," interrupted Harriet, anticipating his meaning: "there is nothing in you now any one could wish different."

"I thank you, for I know you speak as you think. I have my faults, but I hope you and every one else will look

over them. Now, one turn more round this belt, and then we will go in, for you must be tired."

It seems Harriet was not too tired, for she walked twice round the belt, and by the time she had done so, she had promised to *consider* of Mr. Brady's offer of his hand: a week she begged for before she decided.

"If a woman deliberates, she is lost," says the Italian proverb: so it may be.

But whilst this was passing in the park, old sir John and Mr. Ellmer were conversing together: first Mr. Ellmer began by rejecting the living of Stockton, having understood, no matter through what channel, that sir John had determined none but a true orthodox clergyman should enjoy it.

Old sir John gasped again—"Not have it, sir?" and he was politely in the negative, yet thankfully and gratefully.

"Sir, last night I was obliged to a clergyman for my life, and an evangelical clergyman too;" and he detailed the whole

affair, and concluded by remarking, "that he should be very much hurt—yes, very much hurt, if Mr. Ellmer persisted in his refusal."

"The gentleman who saved your life, sir, undoubtedly, in your opinion, is worthy of the living."

"Why, common gratitude prompts me to wish I had two livings—one for him, and one for you: you saved my nephew; he saved me."

"Do you know his name, sir?"

"No; in my hurry I forgot to ask; but I hope I shall be able to make it out: I hope so."

"Yes, sir, I think I can assist you in that;" and Mr. Ellmer smiled: "was he a dark man, about my size?"

"Yes, about your size—had on a black great-coat."

"Yes, the same."

"You know him?"

"A little, sir."

"What *is* his name, sir? perhaps you can give me his address?"

"Why, I will shew you the very man, sir!"

"That's right!" exclaimed the baronet: "that's right! but when, sir—when?"

"In a very short time, sir: to-morrow at the latest, or perhaps to-day."

"Better and better—come, I think, if I could see him to-day, it would be better. Is he many miles off?"

"Scarcely one, sir;" and Ellmer, in the joy of his heart, smiled again.

"Well, invite him to dinner then; and I will amuse myself by talking to Mrs. Ellmer while you go for him: tell him every thing you can from me, and, my good sir, be gone as little time as possible."

Dinner was ready at four: sir John walked to the window, and fidgetted about; at a quarter past four he grew worse and worse, for no one appeared; and Mr. Brady, who of all things in the world disliked a cold dinner, exhorted his uncle to partake, but in vain. Even a haunch of venison failed to attract, or a

roast *salvatore*. Sir John kept his station by the window, and at last worn out by watching for the chaise, he absolutely joined the dinner-table, and, in the grief of his heart, eat three plates of venison to smother his chagrin.

At last the door opened, and Ellmer entered with one of *his* smiles.

"Pray, Mr. Ellmer, where have you been, and what business have you been upon, that you have made dinner wait, and sir John wait, and all of us wait?"

"Why, sir, I have been on an embassy, a happy one too. Sir John, give me leave to introduce to you Mr. William Pycraft?"

"Pycraft, Pycraft," and sir John jumped up, for an old man, with wonderful alacrity.

"Yes, sir."

"A son of Mr. Pycraft of Willby?"

The young clergyman bowed—"Yes, sir."

"Then hang me if I can eat a morsel more, I am so glad."

"And so am I," said Mr. Brady, rubbing

his hands, "for dinner won't wait any longer."

"Come, Mr. Pycraft, sit down. Stockton is yours," said sir John.

Brady looked aghast, and examined Mr. Ellmer's countenance in direful surprise.

"I can't thank you half enough now, and that generous young man there neither. I love you, Mr. Pycraft, for the sake of your father, and——"

"Uncle, what the——what do you mean?" said Mr. Brady. "Stockton, Stockton, is Ellmer's! Why, d—n it," and in his heat he forgot himself, "what do you mean, sir?"

Mr. Pycraft and Ellmer exchanged looks; so did Harriet and her mother; certainly too they seemed disappointed.

Sir John began to expound. Mr. Brady at first seemed angry, then hurt, then he grew cooler, and by the time his uncle had finished, he was apparently *perfectly* cool, that is, his face was not so much flushed, and he ate with greater deliberation.

"Well, nephew, are you satisfied?"

What could Brady say? There sat Mr. Pycraft.

"Yes." But the "yes" was a little forced.

"But, Ellmer, uncle."

"Mr. Ellmer wont *have* the living."

"Wont!" said Mr. Brady, turning to Ellmer, and Ellmer confirmed the statement. "A deal of use then my riding, fit to break my neck, to get you a living, Ellmer!—Come, Mr. Pycraft, we will do ourselves the pleasure of drinking *your* health."

Mr. Pycraft bowed, and every one but Mr. Brady seemed quite pleased and satisfied. The evening passed off tolerably, and the next day the Ellmers left Willby Hall; but still Mr. Brady was mortified, to think Ellmer had given up the living of Stockton; and yet he admired his frank, disinterested conduct—he was pleased and yet *dis*pleased; but he was determined to do all in his power to get him another, and under this impression his mind became tolerably soothed, so that he absolutely ac-

companied sir John home, and heard young Mr. Pycraft read himself in.

CHAPTER VIII.

'Tis thus, when moments smoothly pass,
An inward trembling of the soul
Predicts, with fatal truth, alas!
That towards a fearful change they roll.
Baldwin's Magazine, Jan. 1821.

NOT a very *fearful* change, we hope.

The week of Mr. Brady's probation passed. A letter came from Pentonville —he was accepted; consequently, with all possible haste, he set off to arrange matters for his marriage. He was determined to make Harriet a very handsome settlement, and he *wished*, from his heart of hearts, that Ellmer *would accept* what *he* would offer him.

It was a beautiful morning, when, with a variety of joyous pleasing thoughts,

he set off to Pentonville—"How will you like a mother?" he said to Anne, as he was just stepping into his carriage.

"Oh, very much. I know who I should like *for* a mother, papa."

"Who?"

"Miss Ellmer, papa."

"Ah! well, my dear, we shall see. Good-bye—behave well;" and Mr. Brady, quite pleased, dashed off.

The roads never appeared dusty, nor the way tedious; the cattle went well, and Pentonville appeared in sight—the well-known small white house, with the neat garden, and Harriet—yes, it was Harriet at the window, maybe looking for him; the carriage stopped, the door opened, the step let down, and another moment found him on the steps by the house. No, Harriet was not in the parlour: he waited with the utmost patience, at least five minutes *alone;* he could bear this suspense no longer, so he rang the bell.

"Is Mrs. Ellmer at home?"

"No, sir; just walked out."

"Miss Elmer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you told her I am here?"

"Yes, sir."

Another five minutes passed, and Mr. Brady saw the door opened. He sprung forward, caught hold of Harriet's hands, and kissed her: she was much agitated, and cried for some moments.

"Have you been well?"

"Not quite; but I am better now, much better."

Mr. Brady still kept hold of her hands. —"You *must* have been very ill; you are altered."

Harriet burst into tears, and Mr. Brady drew her to a chair—"Has any thing happened—your brother ill, or you yourself are so? Do tell me what *has* happened?" said he, anxiously.

"A *great* deal has occurred this last week."

"A great deal!"

"Yes, sir."

"Come, Harriet, don't say *sir*. We meet not as strangers, do we?"

"As strangers!—no, Mr. Brady;" and Harriet's manner was irresolute.

"Is your brother well? I have some good news for him. Ned Empton, an old playmate of mine at school, has got a fine fortune, and is going to give up his living, and a famous one it is; it is promised to me for your brother, and *we* will go and—"

"My brother is quite well. Mr. Brady, will you have patience with me—will you? After all your goodness, your kindness, to repay you thus!"

"I will do any thing *you* ask," and Mr. Brady smiled; but Harriet remained still deeply distressed.

"You received my letter?" she said, in an agitated tone.

"Received it!—yes. That brought me here, to be sure, Harriet. But, come now, as they are all well, don't meet me with such a sad face as that, unless you have changed your mind."

"Changed my mind!—no. But if you will hear me——"

"Hear you! to be sure I will;" and he took her hands again in his.

"You heard my brother mention a Mr. Knightly. He has been abroad, and is returned with a good fortune, at least sufficient for——*him* to live on. Two years since he made me an offer; yesterday he offered me his hand again: I have certainly esteemed him above——but——"

"The fact is then," said Brady, commanding his feelings as well as he possibly could, "you love him better than me. Marry *him* then by all means."

"But, Mr. Brady, sir, I——"

"This then accounts to me," continued Mr. Brady, "for your illness; it is a pity you made yourself ill, because you must know I should and would give you up to the man you preferred."

Mr. Brady struggled to appear calm. He wished to ask more concerning Mr. Knightly; but he found it would be better to leave Pentonville, at least the Ell-

mers; so he rose, wishing Harriet *every* happiness.

"Before you go, Mr. Brady, I hope to convince you——"

"To convince me of what, Harriet?"

"That it was only doing justice to you and myself, to tell you of what has occurred. I should have been wrong to have married one person, whilst my affections were engaged to another; when I accepted your generous offer, I had no hopes of Mr. Knightly, nor he of me; till within this last week we had not the least idea of——"

Mr. Brady cared not to hear the word "marrying," which he was aware would follow.

"You told me as soon as you could. I forgive and forget. Now, Harriet, God bless you! If you can think of it, give my compliments to your mother." He left the room in much distress.

Harriet said something about staying dinner; but Mr. Brady was in the garden, hastening to his carriage, before she concluded her speech.

"Where shall I drive to, sir?"

"*Anywhere.* Get out of Pentonville as fast as you can."

"Am I to drive for home, sir?"

"*Home!*—yes. Go on as quick as you can."

Mr. Brady drew up the windows, and found, what many others have found, that happiness in this life is uncertain. Now, to prove the goodness of his heart, we just mention that he called on Ellmer on his return, glad to give pleasure to him, though he certainly was not comfortable himself.

Well, Mr. Ellmer became possessed of the living Mr. Brady had procured for him, and he had the gratification of knowing that he had made his friend Brady better, with respect to his religious opinions and faith, and, he trusted, happier.

As for young Pycraft, if ever man blessed the name of any human being, he did the name of Ellmer.

"Oh, but I must, and will, have my gown done," said Miss Lucy Angier, to the head-milliner of Pentonville, "and

positively by to-morrow evening at the farthest."

"Indeed, ma'am, it is impossible; we have some very *particular work* by us now, that must be done," said the milliner, with a mysterious air, very well calculated to excite curiosity.

"*Particular work!* well I cannot help it. I must have my gown, and I intend you to put satin flounces, headed with net, then festoon them thus."

"Indeed, ma'am, as I said before, it is impossible, for this work I have now must all be done by next week; it is particular work."

"Particular work, you said. Mourning perhaps?" said Lucy, curiously.

"No, ma'am, it is not *mourning*;" and the milliner went on working.

"For a wedding, perhaps? Come now, do tell me who? One of the Miss Lloyds?"

"No, ma'am; but *it is* for a wedding, certainly."

"One of the Miss Harris's?"

"No, ma'am. It is quite a *grand* match."

"Quite a *grand* match—grand! Well then Miss Emily Aufrere? No, it cannot be her, for her father died only last week."

"You saw the lady this morning, ma'am."

"Oh, now I now—Julia Ferrars."

"No, ma'am."

"I saw her this morning, you say? Oh, Miss Forster."

"No, ma'am."

"Well, I have seen no one else, except Miss Ellmer;" and by Lucy's manner, it might be *opined* she had not the least *apprehension* it was her.

Now as all human beings have some penetration, even the milliner saw what was passing in Lucy's mind, so she let her go on.

"Well, I have seen no one else but Miss Ellmer, and it cannot be her, I *know*, for the Ellmers are not rich nor grand, and Harriet may be all *very well;* but her beauty is nothing; and so, come, do tell me who all these fine clothes are for?"

"The bride's dress is to be clear net over

white sarsnet," said the milliner, "and I think she will look——"

"Well. But who *is* the bride?"

"Miss Ellmer is the bride," returned the milliner.

"Miss Ellmer!" said Lucy, colouring, with a variety of emotions, "Miss Ellmer!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Why, to whom is she going to be married?"

"Mr. Knightly; and I hear he is very amiable, ma'am, and very rich, and he has been in love with her these four years."

"That cannot be, I am sure, for——"

"Well, ma'am, this is what I hear, and that some great gentleman made her an offer a very little time since; he was a baronet, or was to be; but, for the sake of Mr. Knightly, she gave him up, and now she is going to be married, all in a hurry, for there is nothing to wait for; and young Mr. Ellmer, I suppose you know, ma'am, has got, through this great gentleman, a famous living."

"Oh, has he? Well, come now, hear about my gown; but, no, I will call again too, when a little of this wedding finery is dispatched;" and away walked Miss Lucy Angier, with a good deal of envy, and a good deal of mortified pride, to call on a lady, whose mind and disposition were similar to her own.

Her first words were—"So Miss Ellmer is going to be married to Mr. Knightly."

"Then there is no chance for you; and I intended Knightly should fall in love with you at to-morrow's ball; but since he is so near marriage, why it is all over."

"Ridiculous!" said Lucy, blushing crimson.

"Well, but I cannot understand her going to be married to Mr. Knightly, when that Mr. Brady was said to be engaged—positively *engaged* to her."

"There's something of coquetry, *I* think," said Lucy.

"Because you know I had it from Mrs. Harvey; and Mrs. Ellmer's servant told Mrs. Harvey's servant that she certainly

was going to be married to this Mr. Brady, and had been down into Norfolk to see his house."

"Oh, well! then she has coquetted him, depend on it: of all people in the world, I hate coquettes."

"So do I; and then Harriet Ellmer is plain—certainly plain: upon second thoughts, this Mr. Brady was the gentleman who had his head fractured; and they nursed him, I think, a year since."

"Yes; and I dare say, out of mere gratitude, he said a few civil things to Harriet, so she chose to construe them into an offer; and as to her going down into Norfolk to see his house—why, perhaps Mr. Brady, as a sort of a return for his being at their house, asked them: for really I don't think Harriet by any means a fine woman; and to *me* her manners are repulsive and cold, and her nose rather turns up."

"Yes, and her hair is——"

"Auburn."

"I beg your pardon—it is a bad pale brown."

"Indeed I have, had a lock of it in my hand."

"Upon my word, I have dressed it a thousand times for her when I visited—"

"And if you have dressed it a million times, I still affirm it is an auburn."

"Why, I am *certain* it is a pale brown, for Capell Forster said to me——"

"I don't mind what Capell Forster said; it is a decided auburn!"

"Then my eyes have *strangely* decided me!" said Lucy, angrily.

"I think they have: they must indeed, for you to make such a mistake."

"Mistake! I don't think it *is* a mistake."

"Why, yes, if the hair is auburn, and you say it is brown, you must have made a mistake."

"Well, I wont allow it is a mistake."

"It *is*, certainly; but you are angry, Miss Angier."

"No, ma'am, not angry; I never was less out of temper; but I confess your contradiction made me warm."

"Contradiction! you use *very* strong words, Miss Angier."

"No, ma'am, I——"

"*Yes*, ma'am, you do."

"My call I perceive has been extended to a sufficient length: firmly convinced Miss Ellmer's hair is a bad pale brown, I bid you good-morning, ma'am."

Mrs. Wright rang the bell violently, and without rising, she let Miss Angier depart—in no pleasing frame of mind, we own. But as she was one of those frivolous beings, whose mind was as narrow as possible, and who figure only for a moment in this world's stage, and then sink into utter nothingness, we forbear to give any further elucidation of her, save by remarking—Miss Lucy Angier is Miss Lucy Angier still! and for her to be a neglected, faded old maid, was one of the greatest evils in existence.

Some objection may be raised to Harriet's acceptance of Mr. Brady's offer: now we *can* only argue this—she esteemed him *next* to Mr. Knightly: there were no hopes of her having the man of her choice, consequently she made up her mind to marry him; not because she was ambitious,

but because she thought she could be happy with him.

But when Mr. Knightly returned to Pentonville, with the same affection he had ever possessed yet existing for her, and with fortune, and when she sounded her own heart, she found it yet had a lingering attachment to him, she acted as we have before mentioned, and we trust it was open and honourable. Mr. Knightly was a man of sense: he was not handsome, but rather plain, with a frank, generous disposition; in fact, Harriet was the woman who for some time had possessed his heart: she knew *his* frailties, and he was aware of *hers:* they married with every prospect of happiness; and from many accounts we have heard, we apprehend they are truly enjoying life, because they know how to estimate the world, to bear with its little crosses and vexations; and they also know they must not look for perfection upon earth.

END OF VOL. III.

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